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THE
SOLACE OF LEISURE HOURS.



THE
SOLACE OF LEISURE HOURS;
OR,
ESSAYS OF POESY.

BY A SAILOR.



LONDON:
R. A. KIRKALDY, 20, CULLUM STREET, FENCHURCH STREET.

1848.

4.

LONDON:

R. A. KIRKALDY,

CULLUM STREET, FENCHURCH STREET.

PREFACE.

TELL me ! must I a Preface write ?
Or, if so, then what must I say ?
Why ! let thy extempore muse indite
An unpremeditated lay !

So let it be, my little book !
Before thy well-cramm'd leaves I close,
I'll take of thee another look,
Then in oblivion thou'lt repose !

For, I hope, none reads thee but a friend,
Or one that's partial to the Author ;
For the rough-spun rhymes that I have penn'd,
If he's a critic, he will bother !

For thou wert wrote for my own pleasure ;
The poesy that thy sheets contain,
Though without merit, without measure,
All emanated from my brain !

Compil'd 'twas, chiefly when at sea,
I kept my lone night-watch on deck;
When no dear friend was near to me,
None on my musing moods to break !

This is the Preface I will write :
I'll not abridge, amend, or lengthen
None of my works ;—if wrong or right,
No one shall my adherence strengthen !

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THE
SOLACE OF LEISURE HOURS.

FAREWELL TO FERNANDO PO.

Composed Monday and Tuesday Nights, the 1st and 2nd of February.

"FERNANDO Po," farewell! I now behold,
Thy cloud-capp'd mountains in the distant sky,
Thy rock-bound shores receding fast behind—
Farewell! to thee, thou dim and distant isle.
'Tis with more joyous feelings, I now say,
Adieu to thee,—than when I first drew near
Thy dreadful coast—thou pestilential isle.
For nurtur'd in the stormy regions of
The cold yet healthy North, and rear'd beneath
The skies salubrious of fair Britain's clime,
'Twas with mix'd feelings of suspense and dread,
I sought at duty's call, thy baleful strand.
And as our barque approach'd thy rock-bound coast,
And I with wonder and amaze beheld,
Thy high blue mountains, pile on pile up soar,
Far 'bove the clouds, even mid-way unto heaven,
They seem'd so like my native mountain scenes,
That my fond heart dilating at the sight,
Expatiating on the landscape bold,
I gaz'd with rapture on thy rude wild scenery;
While every fitful breeze which fann'd our sail,
Wafts from thy shore upon its airy wings,
An oderiferous perfume, a sweet balm,
Freighted with scented odour from those woods,
Where nature with unwonted culture rears,
Trees, shrubs, and bushes, in luxuriance wild;
Where tropic fruits of most delicious taste,
And wild flowers vegetate, of sweetest smell;
And where the richest boon that e'er was given
To torrid climes, by man most highly priz'd,
Refreshing waters, cool, pellucid, clear,
In ample streams from mountain torrents roll,

Now rushing on between the deep defiles,
 Of mountain glen ; now o'er the craggy steep ;
 Driving before in its resistless course,
 Gigantic pieces of the ponderous rock,
 Detach'd by never-ceasing flow of foaming waves,
 From its first hold ; and onward, onward borne,
 Till o'er the precipice, with furious rush,
 And force terrific, the wild cataract hurls,
 It down with sheeted foam, the dark abyss,
 Where boiling waters toss and foam below.
 And now with gentle fall, the soft cascade
 Is heard to murmur in the forest's depths ;
 While tropic birds of variegated hues,
 And beauteous plumage swell with sweetest song,
 The untiring melody of the tuneful woods.
 My weary eyes, sick of the dull monotony,
 Th' unvaried sameness of a lengthen'd voyage ;
 Tired at oft gazing on the waste of waters,
 The trackless space, (through which our journey lay,)
 Of ocean vast, dark, blue, unfathomable ;
 For long and tedious was our outward voyage.
 And while I sought with anxious heart, for change
 Of scene or pastime, nought was seen to relieve
 The every-day monotonous routine,
 Which clogs the wings of time while out at sea.
 No green spot there to rest my wearied eye,—
 No Zarah in the wilderness of waters.
 No wonder then, I felt a secret thrill
 Of rapture and delight—when first beheld
 Thy bold, blue hills loom in the far perspective,
 O'er the calm bosom of the torrid sea.
 I scarce could deem thee then, Fernando Po,
 To be, what thou, alas ! most truly art,
 The white man's grave—the dreaded cemetery,
 And burial-place of many a daring heart.
 Tho' cool and calmy, the soft zephyrs seem,
 When wafted from thy shores, yet on their wings
 Are borne the noxious vapours, erst exhaled
 From Afric's swampy shores—the never-failing bane
 Of many a European constitution.
 And though my fears had pictur'd thee an isle,
 Where dire contagion, pestilence, and death,
 Reign' o'er thy land with fell and dreaded sway ;
 Yet these foreboings could not long deter
 My longing feet (whose steps had been confined
 For three long months within the narrow space,
 The oft-trod limits of the vessel's deck,)
 From wandering o'er thy wild luxuriant soil,

Where nature throws spontaneously around,
 Her sweetest odours, and her gayest hues ;
 So like the long-caged bird, at last set free,
 Soars into ether, and with gladness tries
 Its airy flight, with pinion enfranchised,
 So thus my steps elastic, once more trod,
 And joyous press'd *terra firma's* verdant sod.
 Fernando Po, farewell ! in health and strength
 I leave thy fated shores ; and though mine eye
 Beholds no more thy bold majestic hills,
 Still heaven-ward towering, yet I shall remember
 The social kindness and the hospitality,
 Granted unsought for, by the friendly few,
 Who thus despite thy hot unhealthy clime,
 Are denizens of thy sickly isle become.
 Farewell, Fernando Po ! our course we steer,
 For one more ocean isle, lone, waste and drear,
 Which in mid ocean rears its rugged pile,
 'Tis far Ascension's solitary isle ;
 For it our path we trace o'er torrid seas,
 Onwards impell'd by the perennial breeze :
 And when our barque shall there in safety come,
 On that lone rock shall be my future home ;
 There for a space remain exiled from all
 Those tender ties memory shall oft recal.

THE COMPARISON.

*A Song Composed and Written Thursday night, during my Dog
 Watch, February 3rd.*

BRIGHT ! bright ! is the ray of the morning star,
 As it breaks o'er the gloom of a stormy sea ;
 But the love beaming glance is brighter by far,
 The smile of the maid that is dear to me.

Soft, soft are the roseate tints which adorn,
 The cerulean blue of the tranquil sky,
 Which ushers the dawn of the summer's morn,
 E'er the sun mounts his radiant car on high.

And fair are the flowers when in opening bloom,
 Refining the dew, with their balmy sweet,
 And zephyrs are wafting their richest perfume,
 Scatt'ring their incense with odours replete.

And dear is the mem'ry of by-gone joys,
Which briefly pass'd as their spring time away;
Those pleasures so pure, which never could cloy,
The fair scenes of youth's far happier day.

Sum these sweets together, a budget they are,
Of all that is beautiful and fair to see;
But brighter still, fairer still, dearest by far,
Is the sweet maid whose love is faithful to me.

IMPROMPTU.

Verses Composed Thursday night, 3rd February, at Midnight.

ALL hail, inexorable fate!
Come disappointment down!
I'll bid defiance to thy hate,
Nor quail beneath thy frown.

Though stern adversity
Assail my wayward path;
And showers with bitterest hate on me,
Her fierce vindictive wrath.

Though on my head descend,
Misfortunes fast and new;
They may awhile my spirit bend,
Yet ne'er shall it subdue.

For while I'm young and strong,
Despondency I'll spurn;
Nor will I tamely suffer wrong,
Nor yet at suffering mourn.

Nor with impunity,
My heart can ne'er submit
To scorn, which claims immunity,
From rank to pass for wit.

Nor will I passive hear
The contumely and scorn;
Envy's contemptuous bitter sneer
Is not so lightly borne.

If with ironic verse,
I should stir up my muse,
Invectives just, but apt and terse,
She knows well how to use.

If thus I vent my spleen,
 Or give place to my ire,
 In strain satiric, cutting keen,
 I'll sweep my indignant lyre.

Then on the aggressors' pate,
 Should I in fury dash
 My contempt, and retaliate,
 They'd shrink beneath the lash.

But hold! my aggrieved soul,
 Thy rage awhile forbear;
 Calmly thy passions now control,
 Time will shew things more clear.

ON THE DEATH OF A SHIPMATE.

*On Board the ORYNTIA, Friday, February 4th, at Sea. Com-
 posed Friday Afternoon.*

Come here, stern spirit, that late was imbued
 With feelings, which neither were kindred nor good;
 Thou soul, which strong passions vindictive pervaded,
 By a deep sense of injury, too quickly persuaded

Come, here is a sight, fit to quench all thy anger!
 Look on it and say, thou art wrathful no longer;
 'Tis one of thy Shipmates—now struggling with death—
 Now crying with pain—and now gasping for breath!

On the deck, by thy side, thou didst lately behold him,
 In manhood and health, ere disease did enfold him!
 'Twas but a few days since he scarcely could deem,
 That his end fast approaching, so near him should seem.

Look on him! the fever now boils in his brain;
 His limbs and his muscles, convulsed are with pain:
 Now listen his words, incoherent which are,
 Yet thou never didst hear a more heart-thrilling prayer!

'Tis fervent and heartfelt, though only a mutter,
 Amongst the last accents his tongue e'er shall utter,
 Are directed to Heaven, for succour alone,
 To the God who can help, when from mortals there's none.

Now his frame is exhausted—more feeble his moaning ;
 His pulses throb fainter—and weaker his groaning ;
 A chillness, a numbness, his vitals are seizing ;
 'Tis death's icy hand, life's warm current freezing !

On his brow death's harbingers are spreading to view,
 His features assume a cadaverous hue ;
 Now slower and lower pulsation is beating,
 And to its last fortress, life fast is retreating.

His glaz'd eyes are fixing in death's vacant stare ;
 His limbs stiff and senseless, no motion is there ;
 The heart scarcely heaving—a throb and no more ;
 A start—sigh—a gasp ! and life's struggle is o'er !

Oh ! could we behold now, with eyes of a Seer,
 For "AZRAEL," the Angel of Death hovers here ;
 He hath loosen'd the bonds, which united to clay
 The undying spirit, and passed it away.

The form now before us, lies senseless and dead ;
 But the soul which once warmed it, oh ! where hath it fled ?
 We gaze on the corpse, but we track not the road,
 Where the spirit hath sped to its lasting abode.

Oh ! boast not, then man, in the days of thy pride,
 With the vigour of manhood, and health on thy side ;
 A thing ephemereal, born but for a day,
 Doat not on a life, which must soon pass away.

For know that this transient probationary state,
 Must resolve by its deeds, thy eternal fixed fate ;
 For in time but a small space is granted to thee,
 To prepare for an unknown Eternity !

Let us not, then, put off to life's last ebbing breath,
 This work of vast moment—preparing for death ;
 For perhaps then fierce anguish may over thee roll,
 And grief, pain, and sorrow, o'erwhelm the soul.

Look on this corpse before thee, now livid and pale ;
 Those limbs stiff and rigid, were once strong and hale :
 Those eyes fixed for ever, in death's vacant stare,
 The ardour of youth, hope, and love once were there !

Then, mortal, think deeply, and ponder on this,
 Thy life's a probation, for misery or bliss ;
 The future eternal, of joy or of pain,
 Is depending alone on this breath's transient reign.

ON THE BURIAL OF THE SAME.

Composed Sunday Forenoon, February 6th, at Sea.

'Twas far from the scenes where youth often had trod,
Far, far, from the home where his lov'd ones abode,
From Albion's fair isle and her clear healthy sky,
He came 'neath a far foreign climate to die.

No companion of youth watch'd around his death bed,
No friend o'er his couch, pity's tear drop did shed ;
No parent's hand tenderly closed his fix'd eye,
Nor mourn'd o'er the bed when the sailor did die.

From his friends, from his home, from the land of his birth,
From all that were nearest and dearest on earth ;
From faces familiar, he lov'd to look on,
He came for to die in the far torrid zone.

Twas near the Equator, our vessel was bounding
O'er waves which in mournful cadence were sounding ;
His death knell and breezes which onwards did urge
Our barque, howl'd in concert, his soul's passing dirge.

For him, far from those, he lov'd fondly and well,
Few, few, were the tear drops of pity which fell ;
And in pomp funereal, no friends did appear,
With pace slow and solemn to follow his bier.

Yet he died not unfriended, his shipmates were nigh,
For to smooth down his pillow, and close his fix'd eye ;
And the latest sad office, which sailors can do,
For their shipmate was done, by a sad mournful crew.

Not in sheet, nor in shroud, but in hammock we bound him,
To the sea gave his corpse, where the waters closed round him ;
But no stone, no memorial can point out his grave,
'Neath the fire sparkling foam, of the dark torrid wave.

In the cavern'd depths of the abyss of main,
His body is toss'd, his bones whitening remain,
But it boots not when death puts an end to our wishes,
If we're gnaw'd by the worms, or devoured by the fishes.

There shall it remain, till the last trumpets sound,
From ocean's foundations shall backwards rebound ;
And the descendant of Adam, from under the ground,
Both righteous and wicked shall rise from their grave ;
And the mandate of Him, who died mankind to save,
Shall call sleeping myriads from under the wave.

THOUGHTFUL EFFUSIONS.

Composed Tuesday 9th February, during my Nightly Vigils.

How blest, how happy, is the man, whose days
 Flows on in smooth tranquillity ; whose mind
 Holds on the noiseless tenor of its ways,
 In calm serenity ; nor erring blind,
 E'er wanders headstrong through the tortuous maze,
 Of fiery passions, fierce and unconfin'd ;
 No thoughts distracting e'er disturbs his rest,
 No jarring tumults rage within his breast,
 But smoothly ever, like the placid stream,
 Upon whose mirror'd breast, the tranquil gleam
 Of summer's sun, sleeps in serene repose,
 Of mild refulgence, while it upwards throws
 Its chasten'd radiance to its native heaven,
 In shades of milder light, unbroke and even.
 So thus the man, whose passions harmonize
 With calmer feelings ; while the sacred ties
 Of love and friendship, pure domestic bliss
 Twines round his heart in peace and happiness.
 But ah ! my friend, (if by that sacred name,
 I may still call thee ; may still hope to claim
 From thee a title to that social term,
 Of friendship, pure, disinterested warm.)
 Think not that I thus self-complacent can,
 My wayward path through life serenely scan.
 But stronger passions sway my restless soul,
 Spurning oft-times at reasons wise control.
 Nurtur'd in stormy regions of the north,
 Where Boreas sends his bois'trous legions forth,
 Wherein dread grandeur, mountain crags uppled,
 Their cloud-capp'd summits—stern terrific wild ;
 There was I rear'd, a wayward daring child,
 And thus perhaps full soon my youthful breast
 By the stern tone of nature was imprest.
 Thus like the rage of surcharged mountain flood,
 Impetuous, headstong, rash—my warmer blood,
 By passion stirr'd beyond its calmer mood,
 In furious, fierce, resistless torrents rolls,
 Its wrath outspent, calm reason soon controls
 My impetuous feelings ; whilst sedative thought,
 Quells the wild tumult, stormy passions wrought.
 And 'twas thus lately in imperious mood,
 Distracting thoughts, my spirit deep imbued,
 With bitter feelings, that I did offend,
 Though not too deep to be forgiven, a friend.

Yes, it was thou, to whom I now address
 This rude epistle,—willing to confess,
 That I regret my hastiness to Thee,
 And if I've injured, crave thy pardon free.
 Yet, bear with me, for 'tis the darker shade,
 Of my soul's mind, I herein have pourtray'd;
 For each human breast is but a fitful light,
 Now overcast, now radiating bright.
 The dark I've pencill'd, let me paint the white;
 Then do not think I have no heart to feel,
 For other's griefs, to joy in other's weal;
 That I am callous to another's woes,
 Or harden'd to the pangs, or bitter throes,
 Which misery, pain, or ceaseless sorrowing,
 May from the feeling heart, deep treasur'd wring;
 O! I can feel, aye, most acutely feel,
 And sympathizing, strive the breach to heal.
 My heart, susceptible and open is,
 Alike to feelings deep, of pain or bliss;
 For in the soul, where keenest feelings swell,
 Kindred affections, most sincerely dwell;
 And hearts most sensible, are soonest still
 Touch'd by emotions strong of good or ill.
 If I have err'd egregiously in aught,
 Will not my virtues compensate my faults;
 Will not the finer feelings of the mind,
 Make some amends for hasty deeds unkind;
 If not, then I must strive my life to amend,
 Nor by a hasty word again offend.

PRELUDE TO CANTO IV.

OCEAN-FARER'S PILGRIMAGE.

Composed at Anchor off Island Ascension. February 25th, 1842.

ALL hail! thou meditative hour,
 When day and night together blending,
 When pensive evening round doth shower
 Its shadows, darker, deep descending.

Soft twilight! thy return I greet,
 For from thy hues, my mind doth borrow,
 Congenial feelings, sad yet sweet,
 Sedative thought, akin to sorrow.

For pensive melancholy oft,
 When musing deep on by-gone joys,
 Begets sensations calm and soft,
 A chasten'd feeling mirth destroys.

'Tis when the active scenes of life
 Are hush'd, and steep'd in calm repose,
 That with her soft enchantments rife,
 Fair memory will the past disclose.

She throws aside the gloomy veil,
 Illumes the vista of past years ;
 And doth my longing heart regale,
 With scenes which time but more endears.

I scan the past, my mental sight,
 The path of youth again retracing,
 Where mem'ry lingers with delight,
 Each scene so fair, so fond embracing.

And now I sweep my ocean lyre,
 In strains which memory shall revere ;
 The theme is thine, my honour'd sire,
 Beloved father, friend sincere.

E'er I begin once more to relate,
 An ocean-farer's wanderings ;
 The changes of my wayward fate,
 The route which youth to manhood brings.

To thee ! the meed of filial love,
 Of warm affection I will raise ;
 While fond paternal care shall move
 The theme my muse, again essays.

My sire ! my counsellor, my guide,
 I early left thy tender care ;
 And still tho' doom'd to wander wide,
 Thy kind solicitude I share.

'Twas thou, didst teach my earlier youth,
 (May heaven still keep me in the plan,)
 To choose the paths of virtuous truth,
 And be through life an honest man.

'Tis thus for thee, these humble lays,
 Descriptive of my ocean life,
 I now inscribe, my muse portrays,
 The truth, with fancy's colourings rife.

OCEAN-FARER'S PILGRIMAGE.

Begun Saturday night, February 25th. At Anchor off Ascension.

My sea-born muse would fain essay,
 Again to tune an ocean lay,
 A sailor's wanderings to pourtray,
 E'en from that wish'd, eventful day,
 When with high hopes, and bounding heart,
 I first from friends, from home did part ;
 Now memory in my bosom stirs,
 And vividly each scene recurs,
 Of that by me long look'd for hour,
 Which to my boyhood gave the power,
 To act alone my part through life,
 And strive through turmoil, care, and strife,
 An honest livelihood to gain,
 Or wealth and rank perhaps attain.
 Rigg'd as a sea boy, smart and tight,
 In jacket blue and trousers white ;
 My little heart beat proudly then ;
 No peacock of his tail more vain,
 When its distended plumes he shows.
 As I when rigg'd in sailor's clothes,
 I almost deem'd myself a man.
 As with new feelings I did scan,
 The livery of the ocean child,
 All thoughts of sorrow were exiled
 From out my heart, when parting from,
 For the first time, my friends and home.
 But from that hour, the ocean vast,
 Became my home, my lot was cast,
 With those whom fate has doom'd to range,
 Exil'd from friends, 'mong people strange.
 The brig to which I had been bound
 Apprentice, loading cargo lay
 At Charleston ; and I quickly found,
 A friend to help me on my way.
 'Twas full twelve miles off, and alone,
 I would have had through roads unknown,
 To find my path ; yet for a Scotchman,
 That were a trifle ; but the coachman
 Of the *Aurora*, prov'd my friend,
 And me a helping hand did lend ;

He promis'd me on his coach a ride,
 For near ten miles, and then would guide,
 With just directions for my way,
 To where the *Commerce*, loading lay.
 While with good counsel, sage, and wise,
 My Sire at parting, did advise
 Me how to act—to act aright,
 And oft admonished me to write,
 Frequent to him ; and then was given,
 The fond paternal prayer to heaven,
 That Providence would deign to keep,
 His son from danger from the deep ;
 Much more from folly's luring wiles,
 From vice, from sin's enticing smiles,
 Which oft the unwary youth beguiles ;
 " May grace thy steps direct and guard,
 " Mind virtue is its own reward,
 " Farewell my son." My sisters dear,
 Could not subdue affection's tear,
 At parting with their youngest brother.
 But she the most belov'd my mother,
 She came in fulness of her heart,
 To see me in the stage-coach start ;
 God bless you, Robert, adieu ! she cried,
 And strove in vain, her grief to hide ;
 Tears of regret bedimm'd her eyes,
 Such as at parting first arise.
 The whip did crack, the reins were slack,
 Away we started,—I look'd back,
 And saw my mother still stand there,
 Her eyes with fond maternal stare,
 Were fix'd on me, while from my seat,
 I wav'd adieu ; we turn'd the street,
 And rattled through my native town,
 And oft my anxious eye look'd down,
 On passing forms, for I could trace
 In each a known familiar face.
 'Twas nearly noon, the time mean while,
 The twenty-fourth day of April,
 In eighteen hundred and twenty-nine,
 Excuse this prolixness of mine,
 The jarring sense of date and time,
 Forms but a harsh discordant rhyme ;
 Yet it was ever my opinion,
 And I am lord in that dominion,
 That where dates are correct express'd,
 There truth will always stand the test ;
 So much for dates : now for my age,
 I had but three months turn'd fourteen,

Ere I first enter'd life's wide stage,
 To act my part upon the scene.
 'Twas noon, I said, the Schools were out,
 And as the coach drove on its way,
 I saw my comrades join the route,
 Where noisy schoolboys rush to play.
 But I no more with eager heart,
 Long'd in their sports to take a part,
 As I in former times had done,
 The first in frolic and in fun.
 For now my heart beat manfully,
 And other thoughts absorbed my soul.
 Though these, too, were no more than folly;
 For 'twas ambition did control,
 The current of my fancies then,
 For though a boy, I felt as men.
 High thoughts pervaded then my mind,
 And proud, for I had now resign'd,
 The joys of childhood—sports of youth,
 That innocence and guileless mirth,
 To dreë my fate,—to buffet ruth,
 Alone, unaided, on the earth!
 I shouted to my young compeers,
 As through the joyous band we passed;
 As each the well-known accents hears,
 They cried—with looks toward me cast—
 "Ah! there is PETERIE going to sea!"
 And some responded, would 'twere me:
 Adieus were waved, perhaps a sob,
 Was utter'd with, "Good bye, t'ye Bob."
 We left them fast, the freshen'd horse,
 Forth from the town sped in their course;
 While many a backward look I cast,
 Perhaps with sad regretful mind,
 To think I now was leaving fast,
 All that to me were dear and kind.
 For Eastern Kincardine we now were past,
 Had left the town a mile behind,
 And soon to Bordie we drew near;
 As fast we gain'd its toilsome height,
 Which would soon cause to disappear,
 The town from out my sight,
 I look'd again, my fancies then,
 Seem'd rivetted unto the spot;
 Although the horse, their panting course,
 Sped with the coach, I heeded not;
 We hurried on, that sight was gone,
 Yet I that vision ne'er forgot.

For though then I, with poet's eye,
 Could not that beauteous scene survey ;
 Yet 'twas imprest deep on my breast,
 To be a theme some after day.
 Though now that home, far sever'd from,
 By nearly twice three thousand miles,
 Of ocean waves still fancy craves,
 From mem'ry her enliv'ning smiles,
 To favour me while far at sea,
 With a bright retrospective glance ;
 So on the deep my lyre I'll sweep,
 Where South Pacific's billows dance ;
 Those scenes so bright in fancy's flight,
 I now with bird's eye sweep behold,
 While poesy shall obey my call,
 In flowing numbers these unfold.

Scenes of my infancy, haunts of my childhood,
 Home of my youth, I must bid you adieu !
 Thou gay smiling landscape,—thou deep spreading wild wood
 No more must I linger or wander through you.

The sun's glowing tints now illumine the dark forest,
 And radiates gaily o'er upland and sea,
 Where the birds sing the sweetest, yet my heart is the sorest
 At parting, perhaps, 'tis for ever, from thee.

Oh ! here with fond rapture I could linger for ever,
 Nor roam a self exile from home, love, and joy ;
 But wand'ring by " Fortha," my own native river,
 Would taste those pure pleasures I felt when a boy.

Oh ! Forth, my own river, the sun beams are dancing,
 On thy dark rolling waves as they rapidly flow,
 From their bleak mountain source, where the Ochils are glancing,
 As the giants who guard the fair valleys below.

I trace thy meanderings in serpentine mazes,
 Through Stirling, Clackmannan, and Perth's fertile plains,
 For Sol in his splendour refulgently blazes,
 On thy waters which rush in their course to the main.

Roll on, rapid river ! to me thou'rt the dearest,
 Of streams on whose billows Sol's radiance may shine ;
 Though I've wander'd by many, the farthest and nearest,
 Yet none had attractions to equal with thine.

On the banks of Potomac, and mighty St. Lawrence,
Near the great Oronocko I've wandered alone ;
By the Quarrah and Ganges, and rivers far hence,
But to me, like my own native Forth, there were none.

All nature around thee in quiet's reposing,
My own native town seems embosom'd in peace ;
The stream, hill, and valley, their beauties disclosing,
Reflect the mild glories of Sol's smiling face.

Near where yon proud castle o'erlooks Tulliallan,
'Mong those scenes did the years of my infancy glide ;
Those plantations resounded my childhood's blythe calling ;
For the home of my birth was in thee Colgetside.

But now thou art lonely, demolished, deserted,
No longer thy woodlands re-echo the strains,
Of childhood so joyous, so blythe, and light-hearted,
For of all those dwellings one only remains ;

'Neath whose roof the first years of my life's dawning morn,
Past sweetly, for 'twas then my parents' loved home,
Where eleven of a family of children were born ;
But that circle 's now broken, dissever'd, and some

Of my brothers, now roam like myself o'er the ocean,
Self exiles, and aliens, from home, love, and bliss ;
But perhaps, they yet cherish each heart-felt emotion,
Of their youth's happy home in its loveliness.

Hail ! home of birth, from this height I behold thee,
Embosom'd 'mid scenery so pleasing and gay ;
May fair blooming landscapes thus ever enfold thee,
When I from thy beauties am far, far away.

Methinks I can hear the low hum of young voices,
Borne on the zephyrs from yon lovely vale ;
'Tis the loud laugh of youth, or when childhood rejoices,
From school enfranchised, in their sports to regale.

Ah ! there was a time when my laugh was the loudest,
And my heart was the lightest of that joyous throng ;
When my feet were the fleetest, then I was the proudest,
Throughout those gay woodlands to scamper along.

Farewell ! scenes of childhood, fast fading to view,
On thee thus enraptur'd, no more must I dwell ;
Companions of youth, O ! ye lov'd ones adieu,
My parents, my kindred, my home, all farewell !

Thus have I strove, in heart and love,
 To paint with zeal and truth,
 And flowing rhyme, in manhood's prime,
 The feelings of my youth.

Though thirteen years of hopes and fears,
 Have sped time's eydent flight,
 Since first I took my parting look
 Of home, from Bordie's height.

Now fast past Bordie Muir, we're borne,
 Between the woods, by Katie Horn,
 Near Culross, through Newmill, and then,
 We rattled on through Torryburn Glen,
 Nor halted till at Torryburn Toll,
 Which proved to be the farthest goal,
 Which me the stage-coach could convey,
 For mine was then a different way ;
 His panting steeds the driver stopp'd,
 And from the coach I quickly dropp'd,
 Took up my bag, which with close stowage,
 Contain'd my clothing, for the voyage.
 So with my wardrobe on my back,
 I trudg'd along my lonesome track.
 For near an hour, mayhap 'twas more,
 E'er I arrived at Charleston shore ;
 And soon on board the brig did come,
 Which prov'd for four long years my home.

CANTO V.

OCEAN-FARER'S PILGRIMAGE.

Composed at sea, March 22nd, 1842.

LIFE's joyous spring-time now was past,
 Each childish and puerile joy,
 Sped with it, I was shipp'd at last,
 Aboard the brig, as cabin-boy ;
 Nine hands, the captain counted too,
 Besides myself, composed the crew ;
 They were my townsmen, most of them,
 I knew before by sight or name.
 Our crew and stores being all on board,
 And everything for sea secured,

Coals being our cargo, we were bound,
 For Cronstadt, and thence back again
 To London with a freight of grain ;
 A very pleasant summer's round.
 I think 'twas near the first of May,
 Or thereabouts, the very day,
 I cannot now exactly mind,
 But I remember well the wind
 Was west, a fair and favouring gale,
 When first we spread each swelling sail,
 And down the Firth, the breezes bore,
 Us fast from Forth's receding shore ;
 The wind was freshening, soon we pass,
 Inchkeith, and as we near'd the Bass,
 Our brig began to plunge and rear,
 And I began to feel so queer ;
 A strange commotion in my stomach,
 I was not sick, but just so, so ;
 I thought of going then below,
 And lay down quietly in my hammock,
 To try and sleep it off—but no !
 The Mate's voice then, nor mild nor soft,
 Bawl'd out, " Boy, Bob," away aloft ;
 One of the sailors too will go,
 This being thy first attempt, to show
 Thee, how the main-royal thou must becket,
 Then bear a hand, and douse your jacket.
 With that, I up the rigging scrambled,
 While in my bowels in discord rambled,
 A giddiness, a nauseating
 Sea-sickness, there was operating,
 That when I reach'd the royal yard,
 I could not longer be debarr'd
 From heaving up to feed the fishes,
 Part contents of two, three good dishes ;
 For I had lately ate my dinner,
 Not then expecting such a thinner,
 As this so soon, for retching, throwing,
 I ne'er experienc'd such a bout,
 I almost thought my heart was going,
 Or stomach turned inside out ;
 And when in haste, the deck I reach'd,
 O'er the lee-rail, my head I stretch'd,
 With loathing sickness, and much pain,
 And violent heaving, which did strain
 My lungs, my heart, so sorely shook it,
 My eyes seem'd starting from their sockets.

I held on thus in woful plight,
 Until the shades of coming night,
 Around our brig, its mantle threw,
 And Scotia's shores were lost to view.
 The crew were mustered to divide
 Them into watches ; I was then
 Chose, with three others of the men,
 For Captain's watch, the starboard-side.
 'Twas eight, P.M., the watch was set,
 And then the starboard-watch soon go,
 Reliev'd from deck, to try and get,
 A short respite from care below ;
 Where soon the hastening slumbers steep,
 The senses in oblivious sleep ;
 You may be sure I was right glad,
 When told to go below to bed,
 For still sea-sickness pain'd me sore,
 I thought 'twould never pass me o'er ;
 I wish'd myself again ashore
 By my own home fire-side once more ;
 But as such things, no more could be,
 From hope, from home, far out at sea,
 Repentance now was all too late,
 So I resign'd me to my fate.
 In spite of sickness, grief, or pain,
 Solacing Morpheus soon did deign,
 To clasp me in his soothing arms ;
 Yea, e'en amid these loud alarms,
 Which at my first going off seem'd strange,
 To me a great and novel change ;
 For while upon my bed I lie,
 Down in the forecastle, 'twas there,
 I heard the roar of waters nigh,
 As through them fast, she rushes by,
 Our brig impell'd by breezes fair ;
 But then my thoughts afar did roam,
 Embracing all I left at home,
 'Till sleep did o'er my senses steal,
 Soft slumbers did my eye-lids seal ;
 Then dreams of youthful memories,
 Visions of home-felt pure delight,
 Seeming extatic reveries,
 By glowing fancies dight.
 But sober truth for ever flings
 A shade on all which brightest seems ;
 And fancy's fond imaginings,
 Still fairer in youth earliest dreams,

Too bright to prove, too brief to last,
 Flies with awakening reason past.
 'Twas thus with me from slumber sweet,
 From dreams with fancied bliss replete,
 Roused by the alarming bell,
 I started, shook with dread and fear,
 The tones on my unpractis'd ear,

So strange, so startling fell.
 Three heavy, hasty stamps on deck,
 Which almost seem'd the plank to break,
 Awoke the watch below.

A sailor then to crown the noise,
 Bawl'd out with hoarse stentorian voice,

All starboard-watch, there, ho!
 'Tis twelve o'clock, an adverse gale,
 Increases fast, haste shorten sail,
 Get on the other tack.

The seamen from their hammocks sprung,
 Their clothes upon them hast'ly flung,
 They hurried up on deck.

As I reluctant followed them,
 Again an overishness came

On me, with violent retching.
 My inside all was in commotion,
 Caused by the brig's unwonted motion,

Her heavy forward pitching.
 But when the Captain saw my fright,
 He had compassion on my plight,
 And strove to mend the matter.

"I'll spare you for this night," he said,
 "Then go below again to bed.

"By morning you'll be better."
 I went below, that morning slept,
 No watch on deck that night I kept:

And but that night, there's none,
 In thirteen years of ocean life,
 Through scenes of turmoil, danger, strife,
 That I the deck did shun.

Yes, I repeat it as a boast,
 That not a watch at sea I've lost
 On deck been absent from my post,
 When duty call'd me there.

In the long lapse of thirteen years,
 At sea, scarce one dark hour appears,
 Which sickness, pain, or trouble bears,
 But of health I've had my share.

Thou God of mercy, love, and power,
 Who granted first my living breath ;
 Thou hast upheld me through each hour,
 Of seeming dangers, toils, and death.

Thy mercy's wondrous, and thy grace,
 Far higher is than heavens above ;
 And limitless as boundless space,
 Is thy Almighty love.

While meditative I survey,
 Those years of toils and dangers past ;
 'Tis thou, O Lord ! hast been my stay,
 Thy hand alone hath held me fast.

May gratitude my heart o'erflow,
 May love and praise commingle there ;
 And deign O Lord ! still to bestow,
 On me Thy providential care.

Lord ! with thy spirit guide me still,
 Support me with Thy heav'nly grace ;
 Bring me at last from ev'ry ill,
 Safely into Thy port of peace.

Next morning I the sun beheld,
 In eastern sky by clouds unveil'd,
 For first time out from ocean rise,
 And roll his red orb through the skies.
 The seas were calmer, and the wind
 Blew not so hard, nor so unkind ;
 For 'twas a fine and favouring breeze,
 Which ruff'd then the northern seas ;
 And partly well, my sickness gone,
 My mind assum'd a happier tone,
 And I was pleased to see how brave,
 Our brig repell'd the rippling wave ;
 No mountain blue, no woodland green,
 No distant land could now be seen ;
 But all around a vast extent,
 Of ocean with the blue sky blent ;
 I gaz'd upon this scene so mild,
 With such fond feelings as the child,
 Looks in the face which o'er it smil'd ;
 'Twas well, for I had now become,
 A denizen, o'er its waves to roam,

And sport amid the ocean foam,
 As if its waters were my home.
 We soon the German Ocean cross'd,
 And make at length the Norway coast ;
 Then up the Cattegat and Sleeve,
 With favouring wind, until we heave,
 In sight of Elsinore.
 There anchor'd we did not delay,
 The long accustom'd dues to pay ;
 The boat was lower'd, the Captain then,
 Took me with three more of the men,
 To pull him to the shore ;
 And when I stepp'd upon the strand,
 Of Denmark, (the first foreign land
 My feet had trod,) I wond'ring gazed,
 On all I saw, at first amaz'd,
 Such strange and uncouth sounds to hear,
 For a new language met my ear,
 To me unknown before.
 All things alike, except in name,
 Their manners, customs, much the same ;
 Their trees, their houses, man and brute,
 Were much the same, without dispute
 To those I left, their language all,
 The difference that I could recal,
 My boyhood knew no more.
 And there as guardian of the Sound,
 I saw that Castle far renown'd,
 Where "Hamlet" watchful at his post,
 Beheld his father's vengeful ghost ;
 It is a tale of other days,
 For ever found in *Shakspeare's Plays*.
 The Captain came, his business o'er,
 Again we leave the Danish shore.
 When alongside the brig we got,
 Up to the stern we hoist the boat ;
 Then bear a hand, the Captain cried,
 Get under weigh, and save the tide ;
 With handspike was the windlass mann'd,
 While I with jigger in my hand,
 Haul tight the hempen cable back,
 Lest it should round the windlass slack ;
 "Pall over all, heave cheerly boys,
 "Spring to your handspikes, make a noise."
 The "Yo, heave ho," afar resounds,
 The clanging palls chime merr'ly round,
 Not long the anchor can withstand,
 Such willing hearts and able hands.

'Tis loosen'd from its oozy bed,
 Trips o'er the ground,—'tis fairly weigh'd ;
 " Now stand all there, 'tis in the hawse,
 " Your stoppers round the cable pass ;
 " Sheet home the topsails, hoist away,
 " Stretch tight the leech, so there, belay !
 " Topgallant sheets, haul closely home ;
 " Up with the halyards, now let some,
 " Run up the jib, and foresail fall,
 " Main trysail to the boom end haul."
 Once more upon the rippling tide,
 With fair light winds we gently glide ;
 " Now, forward muster, one and all,
 " Hook on the cat, stretch to the fall ;
 " Haul cat, my lads, now start your song,
 " Bend on together young and strong."
 Then the loud chorus, "cheerily men,"
 High in the airy tides upbore,
 Re-echos on the Danish shore.
 In sooth, 'tis an enlivening strain,
 When swelling far o'er summer seas,
 'Tis wafted by the gentle breeze ;
 Its notes with melody replete,
 No music to my ears so sweet,
 For boatswain's pipe, in man-of-war,
 Or lively fife, though shriller far,
 Forms but a harsh discordant jar,
 To the high notes and swelling strain,
 Of sailors in a merchant-man,
 When joyously responds again,
 " The haul together, cheerily men."
 With all sail set, by light winds bore,
 We coast along the Zealand shore,
 'Till Copenhagen meets our view.
 The chief of Denmark, 'tis a port,
 By ramparts, batteries, and strong forts,
 Defended, and was deem'd of yore,
 A place not easy to subdue ;
 'Till Britain's squadrons did disport,
 Its mounted batteries before.
 There Parker found hot work 'tis true,
 For he as Admiral, held command,
 And soon aloft his signals flew,
 The siege to countermand.
 But Nelson there could not espy,
 His Admiral's signals, or did heed,
 But turn'd towards them his blind eye,
 And with his ship did forward lead

The fleet ; and did that skill evince,
 And courage which first rose his name,
 The prelude to his future fame ;
 And quickly made the Danish Prince,
 To Britain's flag the palm resign,
 And peace on his own terms to sign.
 We pass that town, sail through the Ground,
 By treach'rous sands begirted round ;
 And before dark, to our relief,
 We rounded safe Falsterbro' reef.
 Next morn we found ourselves among,
 A fleet of ships, a pressing throng,
 Each crowding on a press of sail,
 All emulative to prevail ;
 But through their midst our brig did pass,
 Though she so deeply laden was ;
 It pleas'd our sailors much to see,
 The *Commerce* sail so very fast.
 The Captain rubb'd his hands with glee,
 As ship with ship we reach'd and past.
 That she was smart, was then allow'd
 By all,—no wonder he was proud,
 To find his brig could company keep,
 With many a famed fast-sailing ship ;
 'Twas his first voyage in her, for he
 Join'd her but few days before me ;
 And after this, four years and more,
 With him to many a distant shore,
 In her I sail'd, and still did find,
 In him a master, tender, kind ;
 But when my time was up, I left her,
 And he in a few months died after.
 But still with gratitude by me,
 Shall reverenc'd be his memory.
 Yes, Andrew Cooper, I have found,
 (As much I prov'd life's toilsome round,)
 Of all I've known, and them not few,
 No master to compare with you ;
 To all free, affable, urbane,
 To me indulgent, kind, humane ;
 To me a boy, thou such did seem,
 For this thy memory I'll esteem.
 But to proceed,—while fancies fall thick
 I'll speed my journey up the Baltic,
 Past Bornholm, Eartholm, Ocland, Gothland,
 And many Capes and Bays more inland,
 We near the woody Isle of Hogland,
 Just half way up the Gulf of Finland ;

The day was spent, and silence slept,
 On the calm bosom of the wave,
 Save where the fitful Cat's-paw swept,
 Yet light no ripple could upheave ;
 That sun-set sky was mild and fair,
 And almost cloudless, saving where,
 Some sheets of vapour hung along,
 Curtaining the eastern horizon ;
 But nought in that cerulean sky,
 To arrest the wary seaman's eye ;
 No sign experience could recal,
 Portend of wind, or sudden squall ;
 All canvass spread, the royals high,
 Woo'd the light zephyrs passing by ;
 As night drew on' some fleecy clouds,
 The star bespangled sky enshrouds.
 'Twas the first watch, near midnight when,
 A heavy squall rush'd down amain ;
 The mate on deck the watch did keep,
 The starboard were below asleep,
 When we were roused out of our bed,
 By the loud rumbling noise o'er head ;
 A voice then, 'bove the tempest wail,
 Cried out, "haste up, and shorten sail !" "
 Then up the hatch the hands did rush,
 And I with them my way did push ;
 When reach'd the deck we could not stand,
 Without fast holding with our hands.
 The brig upon her beam ends lay,
 Borne down by the resistless blast,
 Which bent as wands each quivering mast ;
 While o'er our heads the feathery spray,
 And angry surge dash fierce and fast ;
 Topgallant sails were clew'd up flying ;
 And 'midst the din, the Captain crying,
 Haul up the mainsail, haste, be brief men,
 Clew down your topsails, double reef them ;
 The topsail halyards gone, we stretch then,
 On main clew garnets, buntlines, leech lines ;
 Ease off main tack, then to the yard,
 With speed the gears hauled up, the sail,
 No longer bellies to the gale ;
 The jib haul'd down, our next regard,
 To snug the topsails, all hands then,
 Makes speed aloft, each nerve doth strain,
 The smartest sailor and most daring,
 Is first out to the weather earing ;

While I close in the bunt hold fast,
 Supported by the yard and mast ;
 And as some of the points I tie,
 The sailor who was nearest by,
 Told me, my friends, I'd not forgot,
 For I had tied a granny's knot ;
 With that he show'd me the mistake,
 Taught me a proper knot to make ;
 The sails being reef'd, and down from all yards,
 We then pull tight, the topsail balyards,
 Brace by the wind, board the fore tack,
 Coil up the ropes, then leave the deck.
 Thus adverse gales our path beset,
 When near our port, but wors'er yet,
 'Twas in a gulf, whose narrow bounds,
 Rock, shoals, and reefs encompass round ;
 But by next day the gale abated,
 Anon light favouring winds inflated
 Our sails, and urged with gentle force,
 Our brig along her destined course ;
 The following morn, our port we near,
 And Cronstadt town begins to appear ;
 And as the harbour we drew nigh,
 Fix'd on the scene, my wond'ring eye,
 Could scarce believe what it beheld,
 So strange a scene the light reveal'd ;
 For when the harbour first I mark'd,
 It seem'd to me a forest dark ;
 Or serried groves of blasted trees,
 Where leaves or foliage there is none ;
 Stripp'd by the autumn's withering breeze,
 Or by the wintry tempest strewn ;
 So seem'd those many clust'ring masts,
 When distance their dim outline casts ;
 Soon pass'd the forts, and batt'ries strong,
 Which guard the town we press along ;
 At the Mole-head, come too at last,
 Soon haul to berth, in tier make fast.
 It is a haven, strong, secure,
 Where twice two hundred ships may moor.
 By thirst of gain, and commerce bore,
 Freight'd from many a distant shore,
 Ships from all nations here resort,
 Even from Kamschatcka's farthest port,
 They arrive, discharge, load, and depart,
 Bearing from Russia's chiefest mart,
 The produce of that vast extent,
 Which owns the Czar's government ;

Hemp, flax, and tallow, linseed grains,
 The produce of her boundless plains ;
 Timber fetch'd with great labour forth,
 From the best forests of the north ;
 Iron from out Siberian mines,
 Where thousand tortur'd wretches pine,
 In misery, doom'd to drag the chain,
 Of bondage through a life of pain.
 While novelty my hand perplex'd,
 With wondering admiration fix'd,
 On all I saw, for 'twas a change,
 To my young eyes, surpassing strange :
 The Russian in his sheepskin coat,
 Even though the weather was so hot ;
 For the summer sun is often there,
 Almost as powerful to compare,
 With what I've frequent found it after,
 When crossing 'neath the fierce equator ;
 But to "Dobrha Jack," it matters not,
 If winter's cold or summer's hot ;
 Large boots and coats, well furr'd and lined,
 May well defy, heat, cold, and wind ;
 Those bearded slaves, the abject minions,
 Of tyrants, fed on leeks and onions,
 Brown bread and garlick, and they stink so,
 As makes one from their breathing shrink so ;
 I'd rather feed on water gruel,
 Than live on the poor Russian's food ;
 Or own their laws so harsh and cruel,
 Which seem like Draco's, writ in blood ;
 No fire allow'd on board the ship,
 To cook our grub, or warm our flip ;
 No light, except by license granted,
 Within the cabin when 'tis wanted ;
 For cooking there's a place on shore,
 A half mile from the ship, or more ;
 And there our cook had thrice a day,
 Amongst a throng, to press his way,
 In a cockle-shell yclept a "lurkey ;"
 A fragile outline of a boat,
 Too frail, in it the least thing jerks ye ;
 Is in danger of capeizing pots,
 And as is frequently the case,
 The cooks when late, their boats would race ;
 And should a faster "dingo" run her
 Stem on, we're sure to loose our dinner ;
 For the jerk o'erturns the pans and kettles,
 And spills the mess,—destroys the victuals.

In very sooth, it is a port,
 For which no liking I evince,
 Nor to it with desire resort,
 Though I've been there three times since ;
 E'en once as cook, when that contagion,
 The "Cholera Morbus," fierce was raging :
 But more of that, perhaps, anon,
 Now from this port I hasten on ;
 Five weeks had past, our brig again,
 Was laden with a freight of grain ;
 Our long boat in, for sea all clear,
 Our brig unmoor'd, haul'd from the tier ;
 We make all sail from Cronstadt Mole,
 And down the river Neva steer,
 And pass that beacon light the Toll ;
 Through Finland's gulf again we sail,
 Where, with light, air, and calms, prevail
 At times a smart, but transient gale ;
 Sometimes they're foul, and sometimes fair,
 As summer winds are everywhere ;
 Now fluctuating, varying,
 Now favouring,—contrarying.
 That light and fitful breeze,
 Warm'd by a July's powerful sun,
 Urged us with gentle progress on
 The Baltic's rippling seas ;
 We make at length the dangerous ground,
 Which mars the passage of the Sound ;
 With wary course, pass safely through,
 And soon again the accustom'd due,
 At Elsinore we pay ;
 Fulfilling thus the Danish law,
 Clear from her shores we sail away,
 And soon we round the Scaw ;
 But when we gain'd near half-way on,
 'Tween Jutland, to the English shore,
 For a few days an adverse gale,
 From the south-west, our course assails ;
 The time, if I aright remember,
 Was late in August, or September ;
 And on the morn ere it began,
 Our brig 'neath lofty canvas ran,
 Her course direct ; the gentle air,
 Which fann'd our sails was light and fair,
 At noon it calm'd, the northern deep,
 Sunk in profound and tranquil sleep ;
 So still and death-like, was its rest,—
 No rippings agitate its breast ;

In silence, undisturb'd it lies,
 The polish'd mirror of the skies ;
 And on its bosom motionless,
 Seeming a thing most oceanless,
 Where movement there was none.
 Our brig sat all alone ;
 No other object meets the eye,
 On ocean, in the air, or sky ,
 Except the glowing sun on high,
 And a few specks of fleecy brightness,
 Which rivall'd e'en the snow in whiteness ;
 So still was nature's varying form,
 Around, above, and everywhere,
 That well experience might declare,
 'Twas but the prelude of a storm ;
 Thus spent the day, till in the west,
 The bright day-king retir'd to rest ;
 Some clouds, his parting rays regretting,
 Were gather'd round his glorious setting ;
 And there as heaven's own drapery,
 They curtain'd round his bed,
 With moisture, light, and vapoury,
 To cool his glowing head.
 Not long had night usurp'd the scene,
 Before dark clouds did intervene,
 Between the fair cerulean sky,
 And congregating fast on high,
 In masses low'ring, gloomily,
 A sure portent, the storm was nigh ;
 With large sails reef'd, and smaller stow'd,
 We mark those signs, in sky and clouds ;
 The first watch came, a moaning breeze,
 With mournful cadence, swept the seas ;
 The midnight past, then shrill and loud,
 'Twas whistling through each block and shroud,
 When morn began to shine.
 Then plunging midst the wrathful tide,
 Our vessel dips her leeward side,
 Deep in the foamy brine ;
 The adverse gale was freshening fast,
 More hard each squall, more fierce each blast,
 Our brig wants more relief ;
 She bending 'neath the furious gale,
 Was labouring hard, we take in sail,
 The topsails closely reef.
 All sails, but the main topsail stow,
 To bear up the reluctant prow,
 Against the o'erwhelming sea,

Which o'er our decks no longer threw,
 Such waves, for now we heave her too,
 With helm two-thirds a lee.
 Now let the howling tempest rave,
 On us its utmost fury launch,
 Our brig surmounts each threat'ning wave,
 And proves a sea-boat tight and staunch ;
 Anon she dives into the deep,
 Then rears her briny head on high,
 Still buoyant o'er the waves doth keep,
 The decks comparatively dry ;
 The billows rear their ruffian crest,
 The surges wild far driving from,
 Their tops spread o'er its troubled breast,
 In long wide sheets of feath'ry foam ;
 Throughout the day, no sun was seen,
 Scarce was its warming influence felt,
 So heavy hung the clouds between,
 The troubled waves, and heaven's blue vaults ;
 In masses dense, the lurid clouds,
 In deeper darkness night enshrouds,
 Save when at times the flashing levin,
 Terrificly illumin'd the heavens.
 Loud howl'd the wild outrageous storm,
 Maddening the ocean's billowy form,
 Which on in dire convulsions bore,
 Responded with tumultuous roar.
 Next day no darken'd clouds appear,
 The sky was in a manner clear,
 Save where the light sand drives along,
 Lash'd by the tempests, stern and strong ;
 For now it rag'd with increas'd fury,
 The waves seemed almost fit to bury
 Our poor brig, in their yawning deeps,
 As down the engulphing trough she sweeps ;
 Yet still she bore out bravely,
 Though leeward lurching heavily,
 For the bulk heads in hold gave way,
 The cargo shifted on that day ;
 Subtle as quicksilver, the grain did slide,
 From windward to the leeward side,
 Listing her over a few streaks,
 'Till on the leeside of the deck,
 The water on the gunnel lay ;
 We could not trim her then upright ;
 Yet ere the darkening of the night,
 The gale abated, then to wear,
 On other tack was our first care ;

We set the staysail, haul'd close aft
 The leeward sheet, main braces check'd,
 The topsail of its power bereft,
 The helm a-weather may direct
 The obedient prow, to fall off fast,
 From fury of the side-long blast ;
 The yards are squar'd before the wind,
 The waves are driving on behind ;
 The topmast staysail down, the helm,
 Eas'd with due caution, from the lee,
 Lest rashly rounding too, o'erwhelm,
 Us in the beam trough of the sea ;
 The topsails trimm'd to catch oblique,
 The gale upon our larboard cheek,
 The yards secur'd, we now may get
 The shifting boards, more firmly set ;
 The cargo trimm'd, what we can do,
 Dry as a duck, our brig lays too.
 Three days thus pass'd before did fail,
 The fury of this adverse gale ;
 Again with moderate winds we keep,
 Our course on the indignant deep,
 Which had not yet ceas'd to assuage,
 The fury of its former rage ;
 Nor was its turbulence subdued
 Ere we the coast of England view'd.
 'Twas made somewhere near Orfordness,
 Or Lowestoft, if aright I guess ;
 And then borne on the flowing tide,
 Of river Thames, we cheerily glide ;
 Soon pass the Nore, and Gravesend near,
 Pass Deptford, up the Pool, we steer,
 And safely moor in Union Tier.
 If on those scenes, my senses gazed,
 With mute astonishment and awe,
 No wonder, I was much amaz'd,
 Being the first time those sights I saw ;
 But vain will be my fancy's flight,
 And feeble my descriptive powers,
 Should I attempt to paint aright,
 My feelings in those hours ;
 Yet I'll set too with all my heart,
 To try it in another part,
 For this long Canto, here I end,
 Right glad the last of it is penn'd !!

*Monday Night, April 18th. Song composed during my First
Watch on deck.*

How hard the Sailor's cheerless lot,
Who long afar must roam,
From joys which fond affection sought,
Embosom'd in his home !

Estrang'd from those endearing ties,
Which man delights to prove ;
Exil'd from all the social joys,
Of friendship, home, and love.

While pacing lone the watchful deck,
His thronging fancies swell,
Retracing oft those pleasures back,
Where mem'ry loves to dwell.

O'ercrowding thoughts then intervene,
Of joys for ever flown,
Depicting all those happier scenes,
Of days that's long by-gone.

Though then by strong emotions wrought,
Grief may pervade his breast,
Yet still each sad and pensive thought,
By memory is caress'd.

For then his silent griefs to soothe,
To chase sad sorrow's tear,
He sings his songs of love and youth,
Songs to rememb'rance dear.

Recalling scenes, left far behind,
Of home, youth, love, and bliss,
This all the comfort he doth find,
His only solace this.

Oh, pity then the sailor's fate,
When far he's sever'd from
The joys you may participate,
Of friendship, love, and home !

OCEAN-FARER'S PILGRIMAGE.

Commenced April 19th, at Sea, bound for Moulmain.

LONDON ! the needy villain's general home,
 " The common sewer of Paris and of Rome ; "
 So sung the famous moralist, Dr. Johnson,
 Though he did in thy favour'd shades esconce him ;
 I did to thee a young adventurer come,
 A needy one ; to own such I am willing,
 Yet 'twas to earn the hard won honest shilling ;
 And in their teeth I will retort the lie,
 Who say, I sought thy port a " needy villian : "
 To prove me such all mankind I defy.
 Of thee, strange tales were to my childhood told,
 Which my young mind as readily received,
 Yet not quite all those stories I believed ;
 For true, as famous Whittington, of old,
 When first he heard thy streets were paved with gold !
 But when arriv'd, he found out his mistake,
 No gold was there ; but he with broom and rake,
 Might soon of dirt scrape up a full cart load ;
 Chagrin'd, he turn'd and sought his homeward road,
 Till on his ears loud in the distance swells,
 The chiming music of Bow's merry bells,
 Which seem'd to say, " turn Whittington, turn again,
 For rank and wealth thy industry shall gain !
 Soon to the civic crown shalt thou attain,
 Three times Lord Mayor, in Guildhall to reign ! "
 My language is inadequate to express,
 The feelings novelty did deep impress
 On my young mind, when thou proud city first,
 With awful grandeur, on my vision burst ;
 For when borne on the Thames' full flowing tide,
 What Briton is there, but beholds with pride
 This chief of Rivers ! from whose verdant side,
 A beauteous landscape, stretches far and wide,
 The gently sloping hill, the soften'd vale,
 The fertile meadows, the umbrageous dale ;
 The pleasant villa, and the well-stock'd farm,
 The white-wash'd cot, adds to the rural charm ;
 The cattle lowing o'er the peaceful plain,
 The merry whistling of the jocund swain,
 The cheerful chanting of the reaper train,
 Who ply their task among the yellow grain ;
 The feather'd songsters from the foliag'd grove,
 Carolling high their sweetest notes of love ;

The joyous lark, upsoaring in the skies,
 Tunes his wild lays in warbling symphony;
 Commingling all, while each with other vies,
 To make thy banks one scene of harmony.
 Majestic Thames ! how pleasant to be borne
 By thy green banks, when Phœbus doth adorn,
 With rays refulgent of the dawning morn,
 Thy calm still waves, while nature soft serene,
 Reigns all quiescent o'er the tranquil scene !
 Array'd in summer's loveliest robes of green,
 Though beauteous then, thou art to all who love,
 The face of nature in her smiles to prove,
 Yet dearer, fairer far to those who come,
 From far, long wand'ring to their native home;
 Even to the happy home-bound mariner, who
 With bounding heart, thy dear lov'd shores may view ;
 Thus, thou for me, hast still a secret charm,
 A talismanic virtue which may warm
 My absence-stricken soul, while o'er it steading,
 At sight of thee, a kind congenial feeling.
 And I do love thy verdant banks,—and thee,
 With as pure ardour warm, devoted free,
 As e'er a one who roams thy fertile plains,
 And claims his birth-place in those fair domains !
 And thus for thee, my muse shall now prolong,
 In rude, wild minstrelsy, the votive song.
 The Thames, the Thames, the noble Thames !
 The chief of Albion's favoured streams,
 With many a mark, and many a bound,
 By shoals and sands encompass'd round ;
 It flows from the ocean, up by the Nore,
 And washeth the Kent and Essex shore ;
 I'm on the Thames, I'm on the Thames !
 I am where fond remembrance claims,
 From each lovely spot, we're passing by,
 Some object to fix the memory ;
 For all scenes, fair and smiling around,
 And happy am I, now homeward bound.
 I love, Oh ! how I love to glide,
 On thy dark rapid, rushing tide,
 When rippling waves are driven along,
 By fresh'ning breezes, fair and strong !
 As up thy river we merrily go,
 While the steamer takes our barque in tow ;
 Then fast o'er thy muddy waters bore,
 The perils and toils of ocean o'er ;
 The voyage is ended, or soon shall be,
 And each sailor's heart bounds high with glee ;

And they welcome thee, as a staunch old friend,
 Which shall all their turmoils and dangers end.
 Oh ! calm were thy waters, and mild the morn,
 That first I was up thy river borne ;
 The sailors whistled, for wind was light,
 And they long'd to reach their port ere night ;
 And never I heard such a noise and flurry,
 As usher'd us into the bustle and hurry ;
 Where steamers and bumboats, and wherrys were plying,
 And watermen, pilots, and purl, ho, crying.
 Since then, thirteen years of an ocean life,
 I sail'd amidst scenes of danger and strife ;
 But as mere trifles, this hardship seems,
 When I'm homeward bound on old Father Thames.
 Now since the Thames has had its due,
 My pilgrimage I will pursue ;
 And fair AUGUSTA to describe,
 My muse will all her powers imbibe.
 Hail ! mighty London, earth's emporium !
 Vast mart of nations, to thy harbour come,
 Ships from all countries, of each flag and name,
 Which can a place 'mongst other nations claim ;
 The various produce of the world is thine,
 Of arts and nature offer'd at thy shrine ;
 For crowding hourly to thy thronging ports,
 Ships deeply laden from all climes resort ;
 Thy vast commodious docks,—thy river all,
 Thy wharfs are echoing with the busy call
 Of bustling traffic, for both night and day,
 There commerce holds her omnipotent sway ;
 Her influence pervades all ranks, who feel
 An interest in her power, the common weal ;
 From wealthy merchants, who all eager flock,
 To view their ships arriving safe in dock ;
 To toil-worn porter, who will gladly bear,
 The over-burdening load to earn a scanty fare.
 The eastern part of thy metropolis,
 For ever throng'd with busy people is ;
 All times throughout thy streets capacious wide,
 Unceasing ebbs and flows the human tide ;
 Here rich and poor are jostling side by side,
 And squalid poverty, with splendid pride,
 Is elbowing on in the reflux mass,
 The living streams, which ever rushing pass,
 On the wide pavements, free from near approaches,
 Of waggons, carts, cabs, omnibuses, coaches ;
 In lane, court, alley, or dense thoroughfare,
 Life in its various scenes is met with there ;

And those which lay contiguous to thy shores,
 Are lin'd with sailors, rogues, coalheavers,
 Crimps, lawyers, jews, and landlords, who will fleece men,
 With prowling blues, and prying Thames policemen ;
 Gin palaces and brothels ; or to please ye,
 There's here the theatre,—there the free and easy ;
 Each grade, each rank, from wealth's proud elevation,
 To lowest depths of poverty's starvation ;
 And every scene of life is acted here,
 " From grave to gay, from lively to severe."
 Blessings and cursings in the ears will tingle,
 Where vice and virtue in their walks commingle ;
 This is the picture true, of eastern London,
 If it aright I drew, my task I abandon.
 But will proceed in this depicting strain,
 To where proud fashion holds her courtly reign ;
 To the west end, where wealth and splendour dwell,
 Aristocratic pomp, the torrents swell ;
 Of gay licentiousness, 'tis there you can,
 The full career of vice and folly scan ;
 Avoid yon splendid domes, nor enter in ;
 These, the fam'd haunts of fashionable sin,
 Are termed gambling houses, alias " hells" !
 Which alias truly, their import fortels,
 Where hundreds pander at vile mammon's shrine,
 Their peace of mind and future joys resign ;
 For the bare exchange of a moment's pleasure,
 Stake all their hopes, their comfort, and their treasure.
 Of taste and fashion, the full tide to mark,
 Let us to Hyde, or high St. James' Park ;
 The *haut ton* of society may be seen,
 Where beauty, wealth, nobility, convene.
 There rivalry of splendour is the rage,
 In personal charms, in dress, and equipage ;
 Coquettes and prudes, their utmost taste bestow,
 Excelling each in beauty or in show ;
 From high-born dames, rich, beautiful and gay,
 To courtezans, their luring charms display ;
 From proud patrician of the star and garter,
 To the obsequious valet following after.
 What motley groups those spacious streets pervades,
 All ages, sexes, principles and grades ;
 The old and ugly, handsome, young and pretty,
 The vicious, virtuous, ignorant, and witty ;
 Assembling here, from every clime and nation,
 Of every language, creed, or occupation ;
 All ranks, professions, callings, and conditions,
 Priests, poets, authors, actors, and physicians,

Princes and peers, mechanics, soldiers, judges,
 From him who rides in state, to him who trudges,
 Barefoot and ragged, o'er thy stony streets,
 Soliciting alms from every one he meets ;
 While thieves and swindlers mix in every mob,
 With sole intent to plunder and to rob,
 Thus London fam'd for all sorts of society,
 As heterogeneous contrast of variety,
 A panoramic scene of contrariety !
 What's London like ; would you a similie have ?
 One only suits it—'tis the common grave !
 But through all ranks, who throng death's wide domain,
 Silence and peace, and concord ever reign.
 But here all's bustle, animation, life,
 One vast mix'd scene of order, discord, strife ;
 Yet London is the source of that vast flood,
 Which irrigates the world, with moral good ;
 The fountain head from whence at first arose,
 Those streams which now, through heathen countries flows ;
 Great nursing-mother, fost'ring parent, thou,
 Which missionary societies didst endow ;
 Sending abroad from thy all-bounteous hand,
 Religious truths, to every distant land ;
 For from thy merchant's counting-house first sprung,
 That dawning ray which now afar has flung ;
 Its cheering radiance o'er a darken'd world,
 Through distant climes the Bible flag unfurl'd.
 Yes, London, yes ! though chequer'd dark and strong,
 With those concomitants of luxury's throng ;
 With crimes and vices of the deepest dye,
 Yet in the moral scale thou standest high,
 For charitable and benevolent institutions,
 For oft unparallel'd, liberal contributions,
 Towards the furtherance of religious claim ;
 For propagating wide the Saviour's name,
 Thou art alone on pinnacle of fame !
 No other nation like our land so free,
 No other city, London, like to thee !

SONNET.

CANTO VII.

Commenced Saturday, May 7th, in the Indian Sea, on the Equator.

INVOCATION TO MEMORY.

COME, bright-eyed memory ! lighten up the theme,
 Which in my leisure moments I essay !
 Let retrospection's radiating beam,
 Chase from the past the gloom of years away.
 Now on the billows of the Indian Sea,
 Or great Pacific, crossing o'er the line,
 Where equatorial suns for ever shine
 With torrid rays of fierce intensity ;
 Where ocean's dark blue waves are ever toss'd,
 By the monsoon, near to Sumatra's coast ;
 My lonely hours of musing, then to thee,
 And poesy I willingly resign.
 My ardent muse by memory's cheering ray,
 Will now retrace years long since pass'd away ;

* * * *

The ocean bard again will sing,
 His pilgrimage and wandering ;
 For now our brig being all discharg'd,
 And ballast in, we soon emerged,
 From out the tier and down the river,
 Where noise and bustle ceaseth never ;
 Fast on its ebbing billows bore,
 We pass the beacon light, the Nore ;
 Through the five fathom channel go,
 Then round the Foreland turn our prow ;
 With flowing sheet sail through the Downs,
 While favouring eastern breezes crown
 Our utmost wishes, as we steer,
 Far from those sands and dangers clear,
 By Dover, Folkstone, Dungeness,
 Then down the English Channel press ;
 Pass Beechy Head, and Isle of Wight,
 Urged by a fair and freshening wind,
 Till far the Lizard's left behind,
 No land or strand to meet our sight,
 But on Atlantic's billows cast,
 The dreaded bay of Biscay past ;
 Our onward course we hold,
 Bound for Canary's southern Isle,
 In milder skies to shun awhile,
 The winter's coming cold.

Our brig being light in ballast trim,
 As Sea Gull o'er the waves did skim,
 Untir'd in her career ;
 For freshening breezes round us rave,
 And angrily each swelling wave,
 Is foaming in our rear.
 The finny tribe around us play,
 Swift gliding through the dashing spray,
 Like spectres of the deep.
 The Porpoise's dark form we view,
 And Dolphin, with oft varying hue,
 Still with us company keep.
 While far as vision can discern,
 Our wake receding fast astern,
 Shows like a fiery stream ;
 Amid the darkness of the night,
 It gleams with phosphorescence bright,
 A path of glowing flame ;
 Like some huge serpent's slimy path,
 When swelt'ring onwards in its wrath,
 The monster marks its prey.
 Our wake thus curling serpentine,
 Did o'er the darken'd waters shine,
 And track'd our onward way.
 Receding from the Northern Pole,
 Fast onwards in our course we roll,
 Towards a milder sky.
 The weather draws more fair, more fine,
 The sun more genial, warmer shines,
 As rolls his orb more high.
 At length Madeira's wood-crown'd isle,
 And Porto Santo's rocky pile,
 We make, 'twas just at sundown ;
 So speedily had our brig sailed o'er,
 The ocean, that we were no more,
 Than twelve days out from London.
 And soon the Salvages we pass'd,
 And two days after anchor cast,
 At isle of grand Canary.
 But at that rude mountainous isle,
 Where scanty verdure clothes its soil,
 We not long time may tarry,
 For up our anchor soon we heave,
 Right glad those open roads to leave,
 And sail'd for Teneriffe.
 And there our anchor we let down,
 In St. Cruz' Road, near to the town,

And nigh the base of that fam'd peak,
 Whose towering head on high we seek,
 As of a mighty chief ;
 Whose skyward crest, and dauntless brow,
 Serenely smiles while far below,
 The surcharg'd clouds sweep o'er his breast,
 By strong perennial breezes prest ;
 Deluging with their vapouring tides,
 Its craggy cliffs and shelving sides ;
 Nor faster falls the copious shower,
 Than them the sun-parch'd soils devour ;
 And in the moistening draught regales,
 The vineyard fair, and verdant vales ;
 Here overboard we ballast heave,
 And as part lading then receive,
 Some casks of wine, with that we leave,
 Teneriffe's fam'd peak, and isle behind,
 And to the eastward haul our wind,
 And steer for Fortuventura's isle,
 Where we came too the following day,
 In an unshelter'd open bay,
 Both anchors out ahead we lay,
 Expecting to remain a while,
 And sure we met with much delay ;
 For 'twas with dangers, risk and toil,
 Ere with barilla we were load ;
 Which done, our anchors up we weigh,
 And trace again our homeward road ;
 We left behind that sunny clime,
 Its warm and clear cerulean sky ;
 And in the stormy winter time
 Towards the Channel we draw nigh,
 About the first of the new year.
 When we approach'd to sounding near,
 'Twas then vindictive eastern gales,
 With virulence our course assail,
 And bitter blasts of snow and hail,
 Down on our heads with fury peal ;
 And warm'd and thin as then our blood,
 The cold we most intensely feel,
 Though well its keenness we withstood.
 This was a trying time to me,
 I led a most unhappy life,
 Though not the perils of the sea,
 With danger, toils and hardships rife,
 Could damp my spirits, cool the fire,
 Which did my boyish heart inspire ;

But harsh, tyrannic were the crew,
 For most of them that voyage were new :
 But chief of all, on me the mate
 Did oftentimes vent splenetic hate ;
 And me did flog, curse, and browbeat,
 Which I at all times did not merit ;
 Yet though a boy, I had some spirit,
 And then as now, my heart did steel,
 'Gainst what I deemed tyrannic sway,
 And where at heart I could not feel
 Respect,—I no respect would pay,
 But oft would orders disobey
 When they were harshly given, I would :
 Or if to duty, went my way,
 Perhaps in sullen, silent mood ;
 For the mate was harsh, severe and stern,
 With kind and gentle words, ne'er strove
 Me to instruct, my duty learn,
 Or win my temper to his love ;
 But let that pass, for years are past,
 I have forgiven, yet can't forget,
 This usage of me ; yet when last,
 Eight years ago, with him I met,
 Had I kept rancour in my heart,
 Though far my senior, even then,
 Though in my teens, yet I my part,
 As man with man could well maintain ;
 But injuries, which I did receive,
 In boyhood, I can now forgive.
 But soon all toils and dangers past,
 We reach'd our long-wish'd port at last ;
 From win't'ry storms, and gales secure,
 Our brig in London Dock we moor.
 Here halt I in my pilgrimage,
 And let another theme engage,
 My ready pen, my muse inspire,
 'Tis friendship, does the boon require ;
 Here first acquaintance, I did form,
 Which ripen'd into friendship warm ;
 For now 'twas first I got acquaint,
 With thee, G. Woods, and though but then,
 We were mere boys, yet say is blent,
 What friendship stronger, now we're men ;
 For me the feelings of my youth,
 Expanded but with manhood's growth.
 And for thy family, kind sincere,
 They ever to my heart are dear ;

In after years I oft did prove,
 Their friendship, kindness, and their love ;
 Thy parents claim my high esteem,
 Thy brothers as my own I deem ;
 Thy sisters, they shall always share,
 My merited fraternal care ;
 One of them I once hoped to charm,
 By a more kind endearing name,
 But now I must repress the flame,
 Of as pure, warm, devoted love
 As e'er could ardent feelings move ;
 But such's the ocean wanderer's fate,
 Then why repine, 'tis now too late.
 But George, 'twas you, that for a shilling,
 Bought me then, an old *Hamilton Moore* ;
 It had no covers, yet I'm willing,
 On such old books as that to pore ;
 From it self-taught, without more aid,
 The rudiments of navigation
 I learn'd ; close application made
 Me fit to hold a higher station ;
 Books were my teachers, and not men,
 What knowledge I have glean'd since then,
 I owe myself, the studious hour,
 And not from school-boys ample store.

* * *

But now my muse resume again,
 The ocean-farer's votive strain ;
 His pilgrimage will become stale,
 And prolix ; therefore, without fail,
 I'll cut it short, assiduous
 I'll be, if not too tedious.
 I'll sum up my apprenticeship,
 From first day that I went to ship,
 'Till from indenture I was free,
 To roam at will on every sea.

FAREWELL TO MOULMEIN.

*Friday, August 1st, 1842, on board the ORYNTIA, off the coast of
 Sumatra, homeward bound from Moulmein to London.*

THEY may revel in splendour, the sons of the east,
 And boast of their gay sunny clime,
 Where nature in richest luxuriance is drest,
 And summer's unfading in prime.

Where fair spreading landscapes, and evergreen bowers,
 Are smiling eternal in bloom,
 And the rarest of fruits, and fairest of flowers,
 Are exhaling the sweetest perfumes.

While with radiant refulgence the tropic sun warms,
 The climes of the Asian coast,
 And beams o'er a land as redundant in charms,
 As the Orient Indies may boast.

Still though fair be the country, and soft be the soil,
 It no pleasures so pure hath for me,
 As the land of my birth, in fair Albion isle.
 Far distant o'er many a sea.

Where blossoms the thistle, and red heather bell,
 'Midst scenes of my dear native home,
 Where my fondest affections for ever shall dwell,
 Though through far foreign climes I may roam.

While on for that home we are journeying again,
 And leaving the Indian strand,
 Farewell, I would say to thy river, Moulmein,
 Farewell, to thy torrent-drench'd land !

Though for nearly three months in thy harbour we've been,
 I dislik'd thee, Moulmein, more and more,
 For I could not with pleasure, thy deep woodland scene,
 Or thy wide spreading valleys explore.

No pleasure to roam through thy dark shady bowers,
 So cool 'mid a tropical noon,
 When fast rushing tempests and deluging showers,
 Were urged by south-west monsoon.

Then, farewell ! Martaban, to thy jungle-clad shores,
 Thou home of the Birmans, adieu !
 Where the tempest toss'd waves of the dark *Silvian* roars,
 No more I my wand'rings pursue.

Though the votaries of mammon may kneel at his shrine,
 Here hoard up their Lacs of Rupees ;
 For wealth barter health, and their comfort resign,
 For fortune, for fame, and disease.

Yet never could wealth, rank, or fortune to me,
 If through far foreign climes doom'd to roam,
 Bring pleasures so heartfelt, so sacred, and free,
 As the scenes of my own humble home.

Oh! then let me roam o'er my own native heath,
 Let me dwell in the land of my birth,
 To inhale the pure breezes, and ever to breath,
 The nerve-bracing airs of the north.

Long, long have I wander'd a lonely exile,
 An alien from home, love and peace ;
 Then restore me kind fates, to my own native isle,
 Bid the toils of the wanderer to cease !

A SUN-SET SKETCH.

Saturday, August 20th.

THE bright day-king, from his torrid throne,
 Look'd down on a sky not all his own ;
 For vapours dense in ether sail'd,
 And his fiercest tropic radiance veil'd ;
 But unlesse'd in glory, the bright sun shone,
 Unwearied his flaming car wheel'd on,
 Towards his chambers in the west,
 Far o'er the watery horizon,
 And 'neath the ocean's breast,
 'Twas there he hasten'd to be gone,
 'Twas there his place of rest ;
 Dull had been his day's career,
 His dazzling refulgence clouded,
 When bursting forth his beams appear,
 Anon dark clouds his rays enshrouded.
 Now towards ocean fast declining,
 His orb with stronger lustre shining ;
 His lessening rays more bright illume,
 The gathering clouds whose envious gloom,
 Fast closing round his watery bed,
 Bedimm'd awhile his sinking head ;
 But vainly strove those clouds to hide,
 His setting glories from the world,
 He dash'd the gloomy veil aside,
 And such a bright refulgent tide,
 Forth from his glowing orb he hurl'd,
 That it spread o'er the sky like a fiery stream,
 And ting'd the clouds with a blood-red gleam
 Of dazzling splendour, fierce and bright,
 As awed the mind and astonish'd the sight
 Of the rapt beholder whose wond'ring gaze
 Was fixed from afar, on the fiery blaze
 Of light, which shot from the solar rays,
 Tinging the clouds in many a hue,
 And colour so bright and fair to view,
 As they clos'd around his wat'ry bed,
 Like a gorgeous curtain crimson red ;

Seeming a pageantry fair, and regretting
 The sun on a scene so glorious setting ;
 But his journey o'er and his race is run,
 And fast o'er the ocean sinks the sun ;
 His lessening radiance fainter gleaming,
 In twilight shades uplanting streaming.
 The sea, his beams no more illumines,
 The clouds their darker folds assume,
 And curtains the west in denser gloom.

SONG FOR THE HOMEWARD VOYAGE.

Composed Monday, August 22nd.

• ON ! on ! for home,
 Again our barque is bounding,
 Amid the billowy foam,
 Our lonely paths surrounding,
 While with unwearied force,
 The stern, south-west monsoon,
 Around our wayward course,
 Howls high his tempest tunes :
 And waters wild and pathless,
 Are spreading far before us.
 May fortune o'er them scatheless,
 To our lov'd home restore us,
 For we o'er many an ocean,
 And many a sea must sail ;
 E'er with heartfelt emotion,
 Our native land we hail ;
 Across the vast Pacific,
 O'er India's torrid waves,
 Where dreadful and terrific,
 The furious Typhoon raves ;
 Thus toiling and turmoiling,
 We tardily advance,
 To where wild waves are boiling,
 Round Cape Bon Esperance ;
 Then through climes more congenial,
 O'er summer seas we'll glide,
 Where breezes fair perennial,
 Wafts o'er the Atlantic tide ;
 Next o'er the western ocean,
 Where Boreas urges forth,
 With fury and commotion,
 His legions from the north,

Amid wild waters tossing,
 We hold our trackless way,
 While home, each heart's engrossing,
 What dangers can dismay ;
 For soon we will be nearing,
 Fair Albion's ocean isle,
 And when up channel steering,
 Hope lighting every toil ;
 Thus when our port we've gain'd it,
 In harbour safely moor'd,
 Each long-wish'd hope, attain'd it,
 To friends once more restor'd ;
 Let us with cheerful gratitude,
 Our hearts and voices raise,
 To God our guide, who great and good,
 Hath guarded all our ways.
 For we through many a region,
 And many a clime have sail'd,
 Where sickness and contagion,
 Have on their coasts prevail'd ;
 In Africa, and for a time,
 At dread Fernando's Isle,
 And in the Oriental climes,
 Of India stay'd awhile ;
 Now fifteen moons have wak'd and wan'd,
 Since home we bade adieu,
 But health preserv'd and strength maintain'd,
 Again our home we view.

IMPROMPTU VERSES.

*Written at Moulmein, for an old Playmate, Robert Augelly, now
 A. S. on board H.M.S. BRITOMART.*

'Tis for a townie, an old friend,
 For thee, dear Bob, this verse I lend ;
 My ocean muse will now essay,
 To frame in random rhyme a lay ;
 'Tis memory's boon, the meed is thine,
 The theme, the days " O auld Lang Syne ;"
 The days long gone, we'll ne'er forget,
 Tho' absent far, yet lov'd so well,
 Those scenes by fond remembrance set,
 Deep on the heart shall ever dwell,
 To them recurring with regret,
 Her untutor'd strains my muse shall swell.

Then, away from India's clime,
 In fancy's flight my thoughts away,
 Let us revert to boyhood's prime,
 Retrace the scenes of happier days ;
 And from the Birman Empire far,
 From country of the dark Lascar,
 From Martaban's pagodied land,
 From Tennaserim's long delay'd strand ;
 From Moulmain, by whose rain-drench'd shore,
 The Senweel's muddy tides are bore ;
 Let us away, and leave behind,
 This land, where may ambition find,
 The seeming joys it long doth chase,
 Of wealth and power, of rank and fame ;
 But caught the phantom in the race,
 What is it, but an empty name ;
 Yet rank perchance, and wealth is sure,
 Could we for a few years endure,
 The changes of this torrid clime,
 Then fortune may be ours in time ;
 Then go we home to share our wealth,
 With heart diseased, and broken health,
 While longing friend will pray and sigh,
 I hope our Nabob, soon will die ;
 The cough, consumption, proves alone,
 Our dear rich friend must soon be gone ;
 Sure in his life he has no pleasure,
 I wish him dead to share his treasure.
 This is, dear Bob, the fervent prayer,
 Of the anxious longing rich man's heir.
 Though I through Indian climes may roam,
 Or sail the seas in search of treasure,
 Yet only in my native home,
 I'll seek for comfort, peace, or pleasure ;
 And to that home endeared still,
 Are all the wand'rings of my will ;
 And bright each scene of youth recurs,
 While in the breast remembrance stirs,
 Of joyous scenes for ever fled,
 Of friends now number'd with the dead ;
 Can you, dear Bob, these scenes forget ?
 Or cease to think without regret,
 Upon the land we love so well,
 Of bracken green and heather bell,
 The land of mountain and of fell ;
 Of the deep dark glen and spreading wood,
 Of hill and dale of field and flood.

The scenes by fair Kincardine's shore,
 The haunts of youth oft traced of yore,
 When we with school companions roam'd,
 Where Forth's fast rushing waters foam'd;
 Its storm-toss'd fury we would brave,
 Disporting 'midst its bursting wave;
 Or when in boyhood's boisterous glee,
 Or youthful daring fearless spree,
 The mazes green of Fordel Park,
 Or in sands plaitain deep and dark
 Of danger reckless we urg'd on,
 Towards the famous sliding stone;
 Then on a pine tree's branch we'd glide,
 Down that steep rock impetuous slide;
 Or oft, despite a broken limb,
 The highest tree we'd fearless climb,
 For hawk or crow, or cushat's nest,
 No danger could our feet arrest;
 But now what boots it to sum o'er,
 Those daring feats, those scenes of yore;
 Suffice to say, in Scotia's land,
 There's not a pebble lines its strand,
 No tuft of heath on mountain wild,
 But what to the enthusiast child,
 Proves fond memorials of the past,
 As heart strings around memory cast.
 And fairest still are fancy's dreams,
 When on the scenes of youth she gleams;
 And bright are memory's conjurings,
 When by-gone joys to view she brings;
 And home still dearer is by far,
 When we from it long sever'd are!

SONG.

*Concocted during my Mid-watch on deck, on the Equator,
September 7th.*

Oh! dost thou think on me, Martha!
 When I am far away;
 Will not thy heart from me Martha,
 Will not thy love decay!

Art thou, aye, faithful proving,
 Still constant unto me,
 While far from thee I'm roving,
 Upon the weary sea!

For oft in fancy's ponderings,
 My thoughts to thee shall come ;
 And mem'ry's fondest wanderings,
 Concentre round my home.

For my lone cogitations,
 When far away at sea,
 Love's warmest aspirations,
 Dear maid, are fix'd on thee.

For o'er my mind is stealing,
 Each warm and fond desire,
 And every kindred feeling,
 Love can alone inspire.

And while my heart regrets me,
 Thus sever'd far from thee,
 Martha, wilt thou forget me,
 When I am far at sea ?

When oceans wide us sever,
 And cheerless far I rove,
 Oh, Martha ! dost thou ever
 Prove true to me and love ?

If faithful still thou dost remain,
 And virtuous love is thine,
 When home return'd from sea again,
 I'll make thee, Martha, mine !

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE,

A Poem, commenced September 8th, 1842, on the Equator.

As lonely I pac'd o'er the oft-trodden deck,
 And kept my night watch on the sea,
 While no harsh thoughts intruded my musings to break,
 And nothing my sad remigrations to check,
 A vision appear'd unto me.

'Twas distinct and clear, and yet dimly defined,
 Three forms did the vision assume,
 One the fairest and brightest appear'd as design'd,
 To be with the other in alliance join'd,
 While the third was envelop'd in gloom.

'Twas the Past and the Present, seem'd distinct and clear ;
 And the Future, but dimly beheld,
 Did around her, the thick robe of mystery wear ;
 And partly in time cloth'd, in doubtings and fear,
 And part in eternity veil'd.

But chiefly I gaz'd on the fleet-footed Past,
 As lightly she tripp'd o'er the scene ;
 For time, but a thin robe around her had cast ;
 While I cried out, Ah ! where dost thou hasten so fast,
 Stay, tell me of things which have been.

Of those fair scenes in life which can gladden no more—
 Of the bright days of youth long by-gone—
 Of feelings and friendships, I'll ever deplore—
 Of pleasure which time can no longer restore—
 Of bliss, which the present has none.

Where now is the beam of that promising ray,
 Young hope o'er the future did shed ?
 Which gilded the prospect of life's dawning day,
 And cheer'd for a while, till thou bore it away,
 And all its allurements are fled.

Thou hast nipt the young flower, but the thorn thou didst't leave
 A remembrance on life's wither'd stem ;
 Or thy prospects seem'd fairer, but more to deceive,
 And thy pleasures the purer, that I more might grieve,
 The Present can yield nought like them.

No more, said the Past, at thy lot thus repine ;
 Or if there's aught in me, makes thee to grieve,
 Know that thy enjoyments and pleasures were mine,
 But the ardour of youth's expectations were thine,
 And those hopes thou can'st never achieve.

Yet, while marching through time should misfortunes assail,
 Or troubles oppress on your way,
 Thy thoughts from the Present reverting shall hail
 The scenes of the Past, and shall say without fail,
 That its sorrows were lighter than they.

But I hasten me on, and shall leave you awhile,
 With my sister, my elder in years,
 The Present ; and she, fondest hope may beguile,
 And luring thee on with a favouring smile,
 May bring thee to sorrow and tears.

Then answer'd the Present, I come not to you,
 With promises specious and fair,
 Nor pleasure, nor happiness hold out to view ;
 Thou such phantoms already didst vainly pursue,
 As experience of the Past may declare.

But regrets, disappointments, vexations, and care,
 Is the draught which for thee I have mix'd ;
 And a few drops of pleasure, perhaps thou may'st share,
 As thou journeyest through me ; 'tis the more to prepare,
 Thy spirit for entering the next.

For thine the resolves must be ; and the deed,
 The intentions and feelings are thine,
 Which shall either direct thee aright, or mislead ;
 Be wise then in time, to experince give heed,
 Let thy heart to his teachings incline.

And then should adversity frown on your way,
 Or prosperity's sunshine illumine,
 You'll find 'tis religion alone yields the ray,
 Which can chase doubts and fears from the Present away,
 And lighten Futurity's gloom.

Thus ended, the Present ; the Past, had sped on ;
 To the Future, I turned me then ;
 But the glimmer of twilight, around her which shone,
 Was so misty and dim, that of knowledge I none,
 Of events from her aspect could gain.

So encurtain'd in gloom did the Future appear,
 Its features I could not behold ;
 Yet while awe-struck, I trac'd it, those words I did hear,
 Which in tones, deep, sepulchral, saluted my ear,—
 Shall mortal then dare be so bold,

As presume in the depths of my secrets to pry,
 To solve the dark problem of fate ;
 Or strive to unriddle his destiny,
 By unfolding the deep veil of mystery,
 Which hangs o'er his future state ?

Be presumptuous no longer, vain arrogant man,
 Nor attempt my events to unveil ;
 The thoughts that are deep in my bosom to scan,
 For those secrets I've hid since creation began,
 And from mortal I'll ever conceal.

Yet, through time thou of me some slight knowledge may share,
 And trace to the verge of the tomb,
 My aspect towards thee, if frowning or fair ;
 But beyond death, what mortal his lot may declare,
 'Tis hid in impenetrable gloom.

Let time show no actions of which thou'rt ashamed,
 Avoid deeds which thou canst not recal ;
 For, 'tis by them alone thou'lt be praised or blamed,
 When the Past and the Future no more shall be named,
 But Present shall be all in all !

THE COURSE OF LIFE.

*Composed at Sea, September 24th, homeward bound from
 Moulmein to London.*

I COME ! I come ! from realms unknown,
 Which no mortal eye can trace ;
 I come, from before the Eternal's throne,
 To remain for awhile in space !

I come towards earth, then receive me, time ;
 For, from infancy to age,
 I shall trace each virtue, folly, and crime
 That's enacted on thy stage !

Then first, as a guileless infant I,
 Though unconscious of care or strife,
 Must utterance give to wail and cry,
 As I enter into life !

Then a being helpless, feeble, weak
 I am, of no power possest,
 But from others, support and comfort seek,
 As I cling to the fostering breast !

No cares can intrude on my childish joys,
 While in trifles I pleasure find ;
 And a glittering bauble, or gilded toy,
 Can amuse and divert my mind.

But these charms no more, when in boyhood new
 Amusements I form and plan ;
 And in all my pleasures hold forth to view,
 The mimic sports of man.

Then a youth, unknown to cares and fears,
 Aspiring at future fame,
 Without the experience of mature years,
 To o'ercloud ambition's aim !

For the scenes around seem bright and fair,
 A smooth and flowery field ;
 While hope's young sunbeams are basking there,
 And promising joys to yield.

Then onwards advancing to manhood's prime,
 Though with childish follies done ;
 Yet, as years speed on in the flight of time,
 To live I have scarce begun.

For I follow on still in the wild goose chase,
 Of fortune, pleasure and fame ;
 'Twas the ardour of youth commenc'd the race,
 Man's passions pursues the same.

And even arriv'd at the midway stage,
 And tracing life's downward way,
 Oft o'er the experience of mature age,
 Will the feelings of youth bear sway.

And tho' disappointments gathering round,
 May lower o'er the toilsome track,
 Yet a beam of enjoyment oft is found,
 To chase all their darkness back.

But see me at last, when with hoary hair,
 A tottering and feeble face,
 A heart smitten deeply with anguish and care,
 I drudge on my lengthening race !

Though life then is teeming with sorrow and woe,
 Which no ray of hope can illumine,
 Yet I leave time unwilling, and reluctant go,
 To my gaol in the dreary tomb.

Thus far ye may trace my wanderings,
 My course to the grave explore ;
 But, beyond death, where may rest my weary wing,
 Of this, time can show no more.

Composed Sunday Night, September 25th, at Sea.

GONE! gone! art thou for ever!
 I shall no more behold thee,
 For death, that ruthless reiver
 Doth in his grasp enfold thee!

The dreary tomb doth part us;
 I griev'd to hear them say,
 He who so near my heart was,
 From earth had pass'd away!

Forsaken now, and lonely,
 My weary way I'll wend,
 Through life, for thou wert only
 Of all, my truest friend.

The oldest and the dearest,
 The kindest, best beloved,
 The warmest and sincerest,
 Of all on earth I've prov'd.

My father, guide and counsellor,
 The guardian of my youth;
 On my young mind, the penciller
 Of virtue, love and truth.

The instructions which my boyhood,
 From thee did'st oft receive;
 Thou told'st me, I enjoy would,
 Their blessings while I live.

Had I those teachings follow'd,
 I ne'er had known regret;
 Now, with thy memory hallow'd,
 Them I shall ne'er forget.

With virtuous years, thy ripen'd age
 Was lengthen'd to fourscore;
 But now, thy weary pilgrimage
 Through sorrow's vale is o'er.

Thou died'st with peace in Jesus,
 His merits were thy trust;
 These hopes from sorrow frees us,
 When low thou'rt laid in dust!

Thy faith in death was fixed on this ;
 Thy spirit pass'd away,
 To inhabit, through Christ's righteousness,
 Realms of endless day.

Then we will not deplore thee,
 As them which have no hope ;
 For Christ hath gone before thee,
 The gates of death to ope.

His spirit in us dwelling,
 Dispels the dreary gloom ;
 The dreads and terrors quelling,
 That hovers o'er the tomb

Our mother sped before thee,
 Wash'd in the Saviour's blood,
 'Ray'd in His robes of glory,
 To meet her Saviour's God !

With heavenly joy she'll meet thee,
 Where all the ransom'd race,
 Around the throne shall greet thee,
 With songs of God's free grace !

And may to all thy children be,
 This hope consoling given,
 To make through all eternity,
 A family in heaven !

SONG.

Composed Monday Forenoon, September 26th.

I'm coming ! I'm coming ! to thee, my love,
 Fast as the wind can waft
 Our barque o'er the rolling sea, my love,
 Which follows us faster aft.

I absent long have been, my love,
 And sail'd o'er many a sea ;
 And many a clime I have seen, my love,
 Since parted last from thee.

But now we're steering homewards, love,
 And favouring breezes urge
 Our laden vessel onwards, love,
 O'er ocean's bounding surge.

Three moons shall wax and wane, my love,
 May heaven us safely keep,
 Ere home returned again, my love,
 From dangers of the deep.

I shall behold thy face, my love,
 And if thou still art true,
 Prove by each fond embrace, my love,
 My lasting truth to you.

LINES ON A SILVER WATCH GUARD,

PRESENTED TO ME BY A YOUNG LADY.

*Composed October, 1842, near the Cape of Good Hope, homeward
 bound, from Moulmein to London, in the Barque ORYNTIA.*

THIS silver chain, so bright, so sheen,
 The gift of one who once had been,
 O'er my affections, sovereign queen ;
 And once the best beloved, most dear
 Of all I have known, of all I have seen ;
 She, with affection most sincere,
 I cherished long ; yet now no more
 That love shall warm my bosom's core ;
 Still I this claim, with pride shall wear,
 A pledge of friendship and esteem—
 But not of love—her gift I'll deem.

• • • •
 Though years are past, since first with her
 I then an unknown stranger met,
 In her paternal home, yet ne'er
 Can I each joyous scene forget ;
 Each happy hour, too bright to last,
 Which in her company I have past.
 Frequent since then, when to her home
 I as a privileged friend did come,
 The close companion of her brother ;
 Oft meeting thus with her, did grow
 Within my breast the ardent glow

Of warm affection, which did bind,
 Without my will, my heart and mind ;
 For still I strove the flame to smother ;
 As I before had with another,
 Exchang'd affections, gain'd a love,
 To which I would not faithless prove ;
 Yet had long absence damp'd the fire,
 Which for my first love did inspire
 My feeling once. And now to her
 Love did my affections all transfer ;
 For frequently I did resort,
 On my arrival into port,
 Unto her home, and still did find
 Each time her graceful form expand,
 In growing charms more soft and bland ;
 For from the bloom of girlhood's spring,
 To womanhood's summer blossoming,
 I traced on her maturing mind,
 Affections amiable and kind,
 Unfolding still, and ripening there,
 And she was beautiful and fair,
 In prime of youthful charms arrayed ;
 And as I oft beheld this maid,
 A secret, soft sensation stole,
 Which thrill'd my heart, and warm'd my soul,
 With as ardent and devoted love
 As e'er could human passions move.

* * * *

I loved in secret, long delay'd
 To make my suit unto this maid ;
 Yet still I hop'd she would return
 The love which in my breast did burn ;
 But when I did attachment own,
 And all my love for her made known,
 My affection she could not requite,
 But did my fondest passion slight.
 But if in coquetry or scorn,
 That she did then my suit deny,
 I know not, nor could I have borne,
 That she should thus so cruelly,
 Of love like mine, then make her sport,
 Brook it I could, in neither sort.

* * * *

To triumph in her scorn and pride
 I left her soon, and strove to hide
 The passion which she had rejected ;
 I sought again my earlier love,

Whom I had thus so long neglected,
 Though she to me still true did prove.
 We met, I pledged to her my troth,
 Though in no solemn form or oath;
 Yet I promised her, and that's my bond,
 For my word I'll never go beyond.

'Tis now twelve months, and something more,
 Since last I left my native shore—
 Since last from fair Augusta's port
 Our ship for Indian climes set sail;
 And ere we left, I did resort
 Unto this maiden's home, to hail
 My acquaintance there, bid them farewell;
 And when I met this maid again,
 There was no mark of cold disdain
 Upon her brow, nor could I trace
 Aught of indifference in her face.
 But there was that which did foretel,
 That her most warmest wish was mine,
 (At least my thoughts did thus opine;)
 For we from many a tone and sign,
 May the secrets of the heart divine.
 And when this fondness I perceived,
 I dare not say I was not grieved,
 That to the other, I my faith
 Did short before this scene bequeath;
 But still I struggled, not in vain,
 The current of my love to quell,
 And though the mastery I did gain
 Yet in my heat unquench'd shall dwell,
 That love for her, now smouldering low,
 Which once a cherished flame did glow.

Though not a word her love express'd,
 When I last time from her did part,
 Yet are the feelings of the heart,
 And thoughts which throng the mind confest,
 Oft by the heavings of the breast;
 And fleetly fly those moments past,
 And loathe are we to hail the last,
 Which parts from all we love so well,
 And calls for that wild word farewell.

Then, ere I left, this chain she gave,
 And said, "A boon of you I crave,
 That you this guard will with you take,
 And wear it for the giver's sake;

Let not this forwardness beseem
 In me, nor this a token deem
 Of love, but pledge of my esteem,
 For I would not your faith offend,
 Or wish you now to break your troth,
 With her whom you your wife intend ;
 But, 'tis my prayer, heaven bless you both ;
 Should time for us make no amends,
 We met—we'll part as dear dear friends."
 This is the history of this chain ;
 And since the giver fair did deign
 To grant me this, I have in vain
 Strove to expel from out my heart,
 All love for her, yet cannot part
 From out my mind, her impress'd form ;
 Methinks I love her yet as warm ;
 But, since I pledged me to another,
 I must for her all feelings smother.

LINES WRITTEN ON MAKING THE CAPE OF
 GOOD HOPE.

Thursday, 27th October.

ALL hail ! thou bold promontory, rugged and steep,
 Rough rearing thy headland high o'er the deep,
 Where meeting tumultuous eternally raves,
 The furious Pacific and Atlantic waves ;
 Whilst thou, all undaunted, above them dost stand,
 The guardian gigantic of Afric's fair land !
 Coeval with time, ever boldly repelling
 The wild mountain billows, which round thee are swelling,
 Which, urged by the storms, o'er the ocean are borne,
 From distant New Holland, or further Cape Horn ;
 Or from far south Pacific, where gales are impelling
 The tides from Le Maire, or the Straits of Magellan,
 Which boiling, turmoiling, will onwards advance,
 Till their fury is check'd by Cape Bon Esperance !

As the way-worn traveller, long absent from home,
 At last to some high mountain summit may come,
 Where delighted he views the wild landscape below,
 And the path where his steps veering homewards will go ;
 While his eyes the expanse of the scenery embracing,
 Far in the dim outline all faintly is tracing
 Each object familiar, and pointing to some,
 Exclaims, all enraptured, there lies my lov'd home.

Thus the sailor, long absent from Albion's lov'd shore,
 As home-bound returning he views thee once more,
 Though on mountain billows his barque may be bore,
 Yet he knows that the worst of his voyaging's o'er ;
 With a welcome of gladness he greets thee again,
 And hails thee his half-way house crossing the main.
 'Twas with feelings like these I descried thee afar.
 Now doubled thy Cape, we fast journeying are,
 O'er Atlantic south billows, once more to our home,
 To all that we love, o'er the ocean we come.

EXTEMPORE LINES.

*Written after reading through "POLLOCK'S COURSE OF TIME,"
 on Sunday, November 6th, at Sea.*

As a meteor bright in its erratic flight,
 Far streaming its primeval rays,
 Stoops down from on high, and short while our sky
 Illumines with its transient blaze,
 While, with awe and surprise, the upturn'd eyes
 Of earth's habitants on it may gaze ;
 Yet, though brilliant it shone, it shortly is gone,
 And leaves us in wond'ring amaze.
 Such, Pollock, wert thou ! when from thy youthful brow
 A celestial refulgence did gleam,
 While the heavenly muse did largely diffuse
 Around thee a glorious beam ;
 So resplendent and bright, that it pierc'd through the light
 Of oblivion, and clearly reveal'd
 In reality's rays, the Ancient of Days,
 And eternity's secrets unsealed.
 When, with pathos sublime, the course here of time
 And eternity chose for thy theme,
 'Twas a subject so bold, that it to unfold
 May the song of a seraph beseem.
 For 'twas no mortal fire which hallowed thy lyre ;
 And though brightly, yet briefly it burn'd,
 For soon run thy course, when to its primal source
 Thy spirit rejoicing returned.

STANZAS.

Composed on reading through BYRON'S WORKS, November 8th.

FLED is each thrilling scene, and now I close
 A work, where poesy shall ever shine
 Unrivall'd and unmatched—where genius shows
 Her master hand in each excelling line.

Yet none shall dare to call the muse divine,
 Though more than mortal may the bard beseem,
 Where brightest intellect will basely join,
 With vulgar ribaldry, and dares blaspheme,
 By making eternal things the mockery of his theme.
 Of moody mind was he the wandering child,
 Whose reckless muse in varied strains doth sing
 Of haughty spirits, uncontroll'd and wild,
 Or ray'd in garb of fiction he would bring,
 From realms of his own fancy's peopling,
 Those lovely forms so tender, true, and fair,
 Unlike, we know, of any living thing,
 Who would, for love, all deaths and dangers dare ;
 Such was the soft Haidee, Zuleika, and Gulware.
 And that unfathom'd deep—the human mind,
 In all its changes—he could picture well ;
 There ranged his genius, free and unconfin'd,
 Unfolding wide the heart's most secret cell,
 Where love is nursed, or fiercer passions swell.
 His counterpart, those heroes by him fam'd,
 Of whom his glowing muse delights to tell ;
 Yes, Byron ! they were like thee, they are fram'd
 By thy mind's standard, and with thee close likeness claim'd.
 Lov'd, fear'd, applauded, stigmatis'd wert thou !
 Courted by some, by many shunn'd with dread,
 While envy strove to pluck from off thy brow
 The laurel'd wreath, which poesy did spread :
 But vain their efforts, for around thy head,
 Genius, a halo of refulgent beams,
 Illumin'd by sciences, fair radiance shed ;
 While o'er thy memory radiating streams
 The rays of fame which far to future ages gleams !

EXTEMPORE EFFUSIONS

Of my First Watch on Deck, November 9th.

My muse wants a subject, her powers to exert on,
 So a new theme I'll choose, yet it must be a pert one ;
 If satiric, or witty, or comic, or tragic,
 I scarce yet can tell, but will soon prove by logic ;
 If Thalia to aid me her powers would bring,
 In strains most extempore, my rough muse will sing
 Of a small ship, the Carpenter made for the Captain,
 And I must say, that "chips" at such jobs is an apt one,
 For this is a craft, without flaw or distortion,
 From keel unto truck, in exactest proportion,

As handsome a model as e'er I clapp'd eyes on ;
 The labour bestow'd on her is surely surprising ;
 Plank'd, timber'd, and bulwark'd, deck'd, masted, and spar'd,
 With each bolt, block, and dead eye, each boom, gaff, and yard ;
 And the rigging all fit, is yet not quite a tanto :
 The cause of her not being finished, you shant know,
 Unless you have patience to list to my song,
 As brief as I can be—I'll not keep you long.

* * * * *

In a seaman-like manner, so smartly and neat,
 Her rigging was fitted by the Second-mate ;
 Though the Captain sometimes lent a hand at the rigging,
 (But I must be wary, or else he'll be twiggling
 What now I am writing,) then, sure 'tis no wonder
 If the merit he claim'd all his own ; what a blunder
 I have now been guilty of, in thus gainsaying
 The work of the Captain, if truth I am pourtraying,
 For this I may get yet—what, no ! not a flogging !
 So I'll leave it, and on with my pen will be jogging,
 And come as I can to the cream of my story,
 And tell you the tale that I'm now rhyming for ye.

* * * * *

A twelvemonth is past, since her keel first was laid,
 And so slow was the progress the workmen had made,
 That the Captain grew tired of their long thus delaying
 Their work, turn'd bankrupt, and stopp'd further paying
 The wages of labourers, whom he had employed,
 The hire which the shipwright and rigger enjoyed ;
 So when they found their usual allowance of grog
 Was stopp'd, they no more with their labours would jog ;
 But said they, " Doth the Captain take us for such fools,
 As work here against all mechanical rules !—
 To work without hire ! " Even thanks we get none,
 No grog while we're working, no pay when 'tis done !
 No ! no ! though unfinished, we'll leave it alone :
 Thus saying, they knock'd off, and threw down their tools.

* * * * *

On the stocks, still upheld by each prop and each pillow,
 Unrigged and unfinished this vessel remains ;
 Uncleft by her keel is the watery billow,
 For the workmen are yet all unpaid for their pains.

CANTO VIII.

OCEAN-FARER'S PILGRIMAGE.

Introduction commenced November 13th.

SHOULD'ST thou, Dear Brother, ever ask me how,
In my long voyagings o'er the lonely deep,
I spend my leisure time, for well know'st thou,
Though many a weary watch we sailors keep,
And many a longsome hour unsooth'd by sleep,
Yet short respites from toil oft intervene,
Brief hours of rest, though raging tempests sweep
Across the wave ; this, thou knowest well, hast seen
An ocean-farer's life, in every wilder scene ;

For all the dangers, cares, turmoils, and strife—
The frequent hardships we endure at sea—
The weary watchings of a seaman's life,
In all its routine, is well-known to thee.
Yet, there are scenes which thou didst never see,
And ocean paths where thou didst never roam ;
These ocean paths are often traced by me :
Those scenes of foreign lands are now become
Almost familiar as those of my youth and home.

To thee, these scenes I purpose to relate ;
Yet, ere I woo the powers of rhyme again,
An ocean-farer's wanderings to narrate,
I'll tell thee of the where, the how, and when
I first essay'd to frame my humble strain,
In measure suited for my ocean lyre ;
When poesy, with influence sweet, did deign
To aid my sea-born muse, and did inspire
My lone o'er burdened thoughts with wild poetic fire.

Now, near seven years have sped the flight of time,
Since first I sail'd for Afric's dreaded coast ;
Unknown to me then, that malignant clime,
Yet dreaded least, when it is known the most ;
As second in command, I held the post ;
Long was our voyage, and thus my home-sick mind
Grew sad and pensive, ever more engross'd
By thoughts of absent joys ; in these combined
With memories of the past, I could but solace find.

My musing thoughts, by solitude thus spent
 In the heart's secret cells, long'd to get free ;
 Yet none was there, to whom I might give vent,
 To my soul's feeling, none to hold with me
 Communion sweet,—'twas then that poesy,
 To cheer my loneliness, unhop'd for came,—
 Then, as the waters of the swollen sea
 Rushing resistless from the storm-lashed main,
 Bursts and o'erflows the banks which art or strength may frame ;

Thus onwards, urg'd by the tumultuous swell
 Of feelings which my soul had long upheld,
 Bursting the barriers of each narrow cell,
 Forth rush'd my thoughts, in one confusion wild,
 In flight ideal, soon subsiding mild ;
 'Twas then, my sea-born muse first joy'd to own—
 Though deck'd in humble garb—her first-born child ;
 'Twas then, that poesy first, unsought for, shone
 On me with cheering beams, and all her joys made known.

And oft since then, in many an after day,
 Through many a changing scene, which I have view'd,
 As on through life I wend my lonely way,
 Encountering oft each strange vicissitude
 Of wayward fate, in every varying mood ;
 Now, lur'd by fortune's smiles, while fair appears
 Each future hope ; or if when cares intrude,
 And disappointment each bright prospect sears,
 Still, 'midst each change of state, the muse my bosom cheers.

She is my solace, recreation, joy,
 As sad and lonely o'er the world I roam ;
 Her soothing powers my pensive thoughts employ,
 And cheers my solitude, while sever'd from
 The ties of friendship and the joys of home.
 And though untaught in lore, in language scarce,
 In poesy unrefined, yet gladly some
 Of her wild fire, to shine upon my verse,
 My muse will grant, while I my pilgrimage rehearse.

Where left I off ? My ocean life begun,
 Yet not its novelty with me was past,
 Though my first year at sea was nearly done,
 And I had been two voyages ; and the last
 Was much with ills and hardships overcast :
 And much I suffer'd wrongs, and oft had been,
 For hours, compell'd to sit high on the mast,

Chill'd and benumb'd, while wintry tempest keen,
Swept o'er the waves, and ice was on the rigging seen.

And many a smart rope's-ending I receiv'd
From the Chief-mate, who oft would curse and swear
At me profanely, which my spirit griev'd ;
As often, causelessly, I had to bear
His kicks and blows, and words and looks severe ;
And ere we sail'd from London, one cold day,
He flogg'd me for slight cause. A friend was near,
In the same dock, to whom, without delay,
I hasten'd, with th' intent from the brig to run away.

To him I told my tale : and, as a friend,
He counsell'd me, with many a sage advice,
My ship to stop by, even unto the end
Of my apprenticeship, nor be too nice
For a rope's-ending ; yet, the vain caprice
And spleen of others, I could not endure ;
And then he told me of the Thames Police,
Where man or boy, though friendless, homeless, poor,
May have his wrongs redress'd of justice ever sure.

I straightway to the Police-office went,
Where thronging numbers did for justice wait,
And, 'mongst the others, uttered my complaint
Unto the officers, who in attendance wait ;
And soon before the sitting magistrate
They usher'd me—I think 'twas Ballantyne ;
And as my wrongs I chiefly did relate,
He heard me patiently, and then did sign
A summons for the Mate to appear next day, at nine.

The following day, though more reluctant then,
Unto the Thames Police I did repair,
For I was much afraid to face again
The magistrate, who occupied the chair,
So sternly at me did their worships stare ;
Yet I would not draw back when came the pinch ;
And soon call'd up, for now the Mate was there,
I stood confronting him, yet would not flinch,
Though but a puny boy, and he stood six-feet and one inch.

Then spake his Worship,—“ Mate, can you show cause,
Or reason why, with usage so severe,
You treat this boy ? make answer, I will pause,
All that you urge in your defence, to hear.”

Then stammer'd forth the Mate, in tones not clear,
 Nor yet distinctly heard,—“That I was wild,
 Self-will'd, and obstinate, and would scarcely e'er
 Obey his orders ; that with usage mild
 He treated me at first as he would his own child.”

“This,” said the Justice, “is a lame excuse
 That you have urged ; the boy has proof to show,
 That oft on him you vented your abuse,
 And frequent beatings did on him bestow ;
 Now, looking at you both, I wish to know,
 How you could strike, without a sense of shame,
 Such a small boy as this ? an angry blow
 From you is enough to annihilate his frame ;
 And even if 'twas provok'd, yet you are much to blame.

“This being your first offence, I'll mitigate
 The penalty ; and further would advise
 You for the future, let your wrath abate,
 Nor in an angry mood again chastise ;
 For, 'tis to me no matter of surprise,
 If to the faults of youth you ne'er give way,
 But censure harshly, that they should despise
 Your blustering mood, your overbearing sway,
 And even your just commands contemptuous disobey ;

“I, with this caution, clear you.” Thus was o'er
 Our business with the Police-office ; then
 We both return'd on board the brig. For more
 Than six months after this, did he remain
 As Chief-mate ; but from henceforth did refrain
 From treating me so harshly, though unkind
 Towards me oft was his demeanour, when
 In angry mood, his passion vent would find,
 In blustering oaths, which spoke the manner of his mind.

I would not send a son of mine to sea
 At early age, unless 'neath mine own eyes ;
 Or with a friend, who could a father be,
 To guard, direct, admonish and advise,
 Or when in fault to prudently chastise ;
 To fire his mind with love of virtuous truth,
 And warn him from those snares which open lies,
 To entrap the heedless unsuspecting youth,
 Who flies the downward path of sorrow, shame, and ruth.

Consider well, ye parents, ere your son,
 In boyhood's inexperienced years, ye send
 Out on the world, if with him there is none
 To guard his morals, or his steps befriend,
 Who mild reproof may with instruction blend !
 Should he a sailor be, then hard his fate,
 If in the forecastle destined to spend
 His earlier years ; forc'd to associate
 With men who virtue scorn, religion reprobate !

Is he a youth whose childhood has been rear'd
 In virtue's precepts, nurtur'd in the fear
 Of God ! by whom religion is rever'd !
 How shock'd must be his mind, constrained to hear
 The language foul which daily meets his ear !
 'Twas thus with me at first, for I had been
 Rear'd in devotion's purest atmosphere,
 Then forced with men too often to converse,
 Who mouth'd the Almighty's name in jest and talk obscene.

Thus early left my home, and self-exiled
 From social virtues, which were fostered there,
 I sail'd with men licentious, rude, and wild.
 Yet, midst my wanderings still 'twas mine to share
 The warmest blessings of parental care ;
 For many and oft were the epistles sent
 To me, while far from home ; and many a prayer
 Was breathed for me, with blessing ever blent
 Of good advice, which follow'd me where e'er I went.

I scan the lapse of fourteen fleeting years,
 That in time's rapid flight have nearly sped,
 Since first I came to sea : the present wears
 A fairer prospect than the by-gone had ;
 For now a mighty change hath overspread
 The face of moral nature,—'tis a beam
 Of piercing brightness, by religion shed ;
 And sailors now, led by its cheering gleam,
 Come to the God, who once they'd daringly blaspheme !

I speak of seamen, what they chiefly are,
 A hardy, bold, enduring race of men ;
 Though when I came to sea (than now) they were
 Unprincipled, licentious, more so then,
 With few exceptions, drunken and profane ;
 For from their officers, or superiors, they
 Did seldom counsel or example gain

In moral virtues, which was then a way
Unfrequent trac'd, by men whom vicious habits sway.

Now spreads religion's cheering beams abroad,
Chasing the darkness of the moral night,
And ocean owns its sway ; for unto God
Now seamen come, to do His will's delight,
And keep those laws they oft before did slight.
On board of ship, with genial influence there
Religious truths are opening to the light
Of the once hopeless sailor ; now, more rare
Is vice become ; and oaths give place to praise and prayer.

Once more upon the ocean, far behind
Our native land, Britannia's shores we leave ;
'Tis February month, the wintry wind
Blows harsh and keen o'er wild Atlantic wave,
Whose storm-lash'd billows furious, foaming, rave
Around our course ; but soon the gales subside,
And gentler winds succeed, which scarce upheave,
In undulating swell, the rippling tides,
Across whose placid breast our lively vessel glides.

From Britain's wintry clime receding fast,
Each slant of favouring wind we gladly seize ;
And now Atlantic's stormy regions pass'd,
With joy we welcome the perennial breeze ;
The clear cerulean skies, and deep blue seas,
Where now our brig is bounding gaily on,
They glad our sight ; but still more so than these,
The warmer sun, which high above us shone,
Proclaim'd our course lay now within the torrid zone.

Day after day our southern course we hold,
Nor touch the braces, for well-trimm'd each sail ;
While studding sails, low and aloft, unfold
Their ample wings, the influence to inhale,
On either side of the fair steady gale ;
And now the sun shines in our zenith high,
And soon the north-east trades begin to fail,
While low'ring clouds bedim the torrid sky ;
All told the trades were spent—earth's centre line was nigh.

Some may a long sea voyage monotonous deem
Tedious and dull, and wearying to the view ;
Not such to me, did the prospect seem,
For all around was novel, strange, and new.

A cloudless sky of deepest azure hue,
 In which the equator sun did fierce unfold
 His vertic beams, illumining the blue
 Abyss of ocean, which around us roll'd
 In might unbounded, far as vision could behold.

Tranquil and smooth was now the torrid wave,
 For light winds slowly urg'd our lingering way ;
 And the scarce rippling billow fail'd to lave
 Our sun scorch'd jetty sides ; and many a day,
 In listless inactivity, we lay
 All shadowless, beneath the noon-day beams
 Of the fierce vertic sun, whose glowing ray,
 With heat intense, o'erflow'd in liquid streams,
 The molten pitch and tar from out the boiling seams.

While sporting round, the finny tribe display
 Their various forms before my wond'ring eyes ;
 The Shark, voracious, prowling, seeks his prey ;
 And soon as he the treach'rous bait espies,
 Heeds not the barbed hook, which in it lies,
 But quick upturning, gulps, with monstrous jaws,
 The fatal lure ;—in vain escape he tries,
 For to the deck the sailors him updraw,
 Nor in their tortures spare for mercy or for laws.

Porpoise, Bonnetta, Skipjack, Albacord,
 In rapid evolutions round us swim—
 All contribute amusement to afford.
 While o'er the waves the Flying Fish would skim
 On glittering wing—the Dolphin chasing him—
 But short his flight ; to wet his parched wings,
 He oft must dip beneath the billows' brim ;
 While in pursuit the nimble Dolphin springs,
 And to his element soon the ariel wanderer brings.

Such scenes as these, diversions oft afford
 To the long voyaging mariner, who, like me,
 Must soon get tired of the routine on board.
 While this relieves the dull monotony,
 The unchanging sameness of a life at sea :
 When oft for weeks no land we may descry,
 For tedious days no other ship may see ;
 No change of scene, to rest the wearied eye,
 But the blue waters blending with the cerulean sky.

Soon from our course the north-east trade wind fail'd ;
 Then fitful airs and breathless calms at first,

O'er the expanse of ocean wide prevail'd :
 And for a time, a parching, quenchless thirst,
 The glowing atmosphere unclouded nurst.
 But now, fast congregating, densely lour,
 The heavy surcharged clouds ; and from them burst
 The frequent thunder squall ; while heavy showers,
 For hours incessant, oft deluging torrents pour.

Thus through the Variables, (so seaman call)
 That place nigh the equator, which replete
 With frequent calms, hard rains, and heavy squalls,
 Those usual harbingers, which ever greet
 The seaman sailing, where the trade winds meet.
 Now, from the north the equator we pass o'er,
 With wind abaft the beam, and flowing sheet,
 By the south-east perennial breezes bore,
 Towards our destin'd port, on the Brazilian shore.

There is a farce, by seamen often acted,
 On board of ship, while crossing the equator,
 An ancient custom, wherein is enacted,
 By Neptune's laws—himself the stern dictator—
 That each adventurer, or young navigator,
 Who to those regions ne'er before did come,
 Should then submit to the initiator ;
 And to his strict tonsorial rules succumb,
 Or else a forfeit pay, in brandy, gin, or rum.

'Tis now a practice, very much disus'd,
 For seaman oft got drunk, and did neglect
 Their duty, and the liberty abus'd,
 They at that time enjoy'd, nor did respect
 The orders issu'd forth ; but I detect
 For this no fault in them ; for sailors, are
 A set of men, not much given to reflect
 On serious consequences ; being aware
 That their superiors then in their remissness share.

These scenes I oft have witness'd ; therefore, may
 The farce of shaving on the line record ;
 And though a foolish and ludicrous play,
 Yet anxious long'd for by all hands on board,
 To whom it laughter may, and mirth afford.
 The oldest seamen, and best qualified,
 Will Neptune personate ; the rest accord
 To him this rank, who ablest is to guide,
 And fittest o'er the ceremony to preside.

All is prepar'd according for the sight ;
 Their rank and part is to each actor shown,
 And one is chose as Lady Amphitrite,
 Rigg'd in some female's cast off cap and gown,
 As modest-like as any on the town ;
 As doctor, one prepares all sorts of physics
 Of pills and drugs, but to himself best known
 Their various compounds ; one, as Barber, seeks
 Some well-notch'd rusty hoop to scrape the aspirant's cheeks.

And now 'tis night ; a burning tar barrel's dropp'd
 From out the head, and floats a mass of flame ;
 Just then, on board, a weather-beat visage popp'd,
 And gruffly hails—" Ship, ho ! what's your name ?
 Where are ye bound ? and say from whence you came ?
 Have you on board, those of my sons who might
 From me the ocean's freedom justly claim ?
 Let all prepare to meet me at daylight !
 I'll board thee then, good-bye ! I have no time to night !"

The morn is usher'd in, calm and serene,
 Snug is the canvas, and the wind is light,
 The sailors joyful hail the coming scene,
 While, trembling, hides each unshav'd luckless wight ;
 And well they may—if any owe them spite ;
 For doctor's well-nurs'd pills and nauseous drug,
 The barber's saw-notch'd razor, none may slight ;
 For some soon under it shall wince and swing,
 And twist with pain, far worse than in the rough bears' hug.

All's now in motion ; the rude cavalcade,
 Forth from the forecastle in train appear'd,
 A motly group, fantastically array'd,
 Disguis'd in masks, or otherwise besmear'd
 Ludicrously ; while, with long-flowing beard,
 The Sea-god sits, with trident in his hand,
 By Amphitrite : their throne of state is rear'd
 On gun-carriage ; while round obsequious stand
 His constables, and all his mischief-loving band !

Drawn by four tritons, who their sea-shells blow,
 And Neptune's state in character enhance,
 In stately pomp, imposing, grand, and slow,
 Towards the poop, his carriage doth advance ;
 He's welcom'd there by all : with side-long glance,
 The lady passengers, if any, are
 Beholding his rude half-clad crew askance,

Or, goggling at the sight, with pleasure stare,
On men, with legs tattoo'd, and half the body bare.

The long boat's fill'd with water ; on a plank
Laid o'er its gunnel, sits the Barber yare,
To do his barbarous office :—those may thank
Their lucky stars, who not beside him there,
This day shall sit in his o'erturning chair ;
And ever and anon, he mixes lather
Of choice ingredient, odorous and rare,—
Some from the pig-stye lately he did gather,
Which, with grease, tar, and soot, he compounds well together !

The list of names is then to Neptune shown,
Which, when he reads, " Bring here my sons ! " doth bawl :
His mischief-loving crew make quickly known
Their acquiescence to his boisterous call ;
They down below the 'tween decks overhaul,
There to escape, some fugitive had tried—
But tried in vain—and useless now are all
His struggling efforts, with a bandage tied
Across his eyes, on deck the unwilling culprit's hied.

Then led to where the Barber, gruff and grim,
Sits, the chief actor in this day's rude revel,
While Neptune questions, then advises him
Not to be so refractory, but more civil ;
With strict injunctions ne'er to prove a drevil,
" Eat not hard buscuit, when you can fine bread,
But still of two eschew the greatest evil—
Nor water drink for grog—nor kiss the maid,
If you the mistress can, in the same charms array'd.

" Now for our mysteries :—Doctor you will feel
This patient's pulse—perchance he wants your aid ;
If so, give him some physic, or a pill—
One of those by your sage experience made ! "
The ready dose is given, as soon as bade ;
For down his throat the Doctor forces some
Of his revolting mixture—which allay'd
His further bawling—for he did become,
To future treatment, quiet—most sapiently dumb.

To keep the lather on his breast from falling,
Instead of towel, the rude Barber ties
Around his neck, part of an old tarpaulin ;
And then, with dextrous hand, the brush applies

From ear to ear, o'er chin, cheek, nose, to eyes,
 The loathsome mixture, as soap-suds doth daub ;
 At this rough usage, loud the patient cries ;
 But he, poor wretch, had better held his gab,
 For a brushful 'tween his teeth soon stops all further blab !

Now, quiet he sits, with most lugubrious face,
 While harsh the Barber tweaks him by the nose,
 And with broad grins and piteous grimace,
 His feature's strange distorting plainly shows
 The writhing pains his lips dare not disclose ;
 For the rough razor, o'er his cheek and chin,
 Is rudely drawn—yet blunt, it nothing mows
 From off the beard,—yet scraping hard, the skin
 It peels off here and there, and makes the victim grin :

Till Neptune cries—"avast ! he's had enough !"
 Withdrawn are instantly the fragile props
 From 'neath his stool, and down into the rough
 Hug of the bear, he in the water drops,
 In the boat's bottom ; there not long he stops,
 But from his eyes, with speed, the bandage plucking,
 Tries from the bears rough clutches to elope ;
 But not before sharp handling and sound ducking,
 From him he gets, then gains the deck a mass of muck in :

There he's receiv'd, with shouts of violent laughter.
 But now, his torments all being ended, he
 Retaliates on them, with pails of water,
 And heartily joins in the mirth-making spree ;
 Cleans'd is he now from filth and nuisance free.
 'Tis thus with all who this day shall become
 The charter'd denizens of the deep blue sea,
 By Neptune privileg'd with a leave to roam,
 Unquestion'd and uncheck'd, where'er the billows foam.

When all on board initiated are,
 Thus in his ocean mysteries, Neptune, then
 Bids them adieu ! by promising, his care
 Shall ever with them in their voyage remain ;
 And should they chance that way to come again,
 He shall with gladness welcome them once more
 To the equator. Then, with all his train,
 From the deck disappears. The farce is o'er,
 Each actor now assumes the post he held before.

And though that farce is ended, yet not all
 The day's rude revelry and mirth is done ;

The rites have been perform'd—the festival
 Of solemnization is just but begun ;
 The decks are clear, the sailors clean'd, each one
 Flies to the forecastle, where mirth and song
 And frequent glass goes round ; and there is none
 Of all to-day, who 'mongst this joyous throng
 Had been most roughly used, remembers aught of wrong.

Soon on the forecastle, all muster'd were
 A lot of jovial fellows, for they've got
 Grog in abundance—more, perchance, 'tis rare,
 As every day it don't fall to their lot ;
 And in the circling glass is soon forgot
 All past endurances and previous ills,
 And all corroding care and anxious thought ;
 The pleasures of the present scene dispels
 From out their breasts, while each the bumper quaffs and fills.

And mirth and merriment, and social glee
 Increases more as daylight faster fades ;
 And song and dance, and joyous harmony
 Is more enhanc'd, 'neath evening's cooling shades ;
 The sun has long been set, and now allay'd
 The fury of its rays. The moon beams bright,
 On the glad scene, in silvery radiance play'd,
 And cheer'd each heart with pleasure and delight,
 That none bethought of rest, till near the noon of night.

'Tis now the lone mid-watch—hush'd is the voice
 Of boisterous revelry, which lately there,
 In mirth and song, did those light hearts rejoice,
 Which now the drowsy god's embraces share ;
 Wrapt in his arms, exempt from thought or care,
 In scatter'd groups on deck the sailors lie :
 Sound is their sleep, for little reck they where,
 Or what their bed may be,—the starlight sky,
 And heaven's unshelt'ring vault, is oft their canopy.

Yet all are not asleep, for there are some
 Who, on their watchful post, must not repose,
 Though heavy may the helmsman's eyes become,
 As nodding o'er the wheel, he seems to doze ;
 Yet 'tis by fits and starts, and not as those,
 That free from care, on deck sound slumb'ring lay ;
 For he must watch each fitful wind which blows,
 And close attention to his steerage pay,
 Till from his trick reliev'd, he'll sleep as sound as they.

Another there, that slumbers not nor sleeps,
 Though ship-mates rest around—the only one
 Who treads the silent deck, and wakeful keeps
 His weary vigils, musing sad and lone
 On joys departed, pleasures long by gone ;
 While o'er his soul remembrances are stealing
 Of youthful joys ; but with him there is none
 To whom his breast's o'ercrowding thoughts revealing,
 May sympathising yield a social, kindred feeling ;

And home, and love, and absent friends, and all
 Those sacred, social ties, which firmer bind
 His lonely thoughts, affection will recall.
 And dear remembrances crowd o'er his mind,
 Of scenes of social bliss, left far behind—
 Each fond memorial of the happier past ;
 'Tis then alone his pensive soul can find
 A solace sweet, by love and friendship cast,
 To cheer his loneliness, while life's warm feelings last.

Now to the south and westward from the line
 Our course we steer, by favouring breezes bore ;
 And, in a few days, Cape St. Augustine
 We sight, the first on the Brazilian shore—
 Then for our port the wind run down before.
 Not far to leeward, Pernambuco lay,
 Whence we were bound—we soon the reef explore,
 And not long outside did we waiting stay,
 For pilot took us in, and moor'd ship the same day.

Along the coast a rocky reef extends
 For full three miles, two cables' length off shore,
 A natural barrier, which the land defends
 From the insurgent billows ; while secure,
 Inside the reef, a numerous fleet may moor,
 In full four fathoms—but they must provide,
 On starboard bow and quarter, each a bower,
 Two hawsers to the reef, from larboard side,
 Moor'd head and stern thus, to bow the rapid tide.

Smooth is the harbour, though wild surges break
 Outrageous o'er the reef, driven furious on
 By heavy gales ; and o'er the vessel's deck
 Oft times I've seen the feathery white surf thrown,
 Though rough seas inside are but seldom known.
 To check the fury of the rolling seas,
 Nature hath form'd a break-water, all her own,

Nor much improv'd by man, for slothful ease
And indolence they love—these *pia* Portuguese.

Mild is the clime ; luxurious and rich,
And most exuberant is the soil,
That it yields ready increase, without much
Of hard won labour, industry, or toil ;
The scenery fair, for endless summer's smile,
And tropic sun, with genial rays illumine
The verdant landscape ; beautified, meanwhile,
With trees and plants, and shrubs of fairest bloom,
And fruits of sweetest taste, and flowers of rich perfume.

Oft have I wander'd through the shady groves,
And pluck'd at will from the o'erladen tree—
The mellow orange or sweet pine did prove
At first a greater luxury to me ;—
And fruits of rarest taste invitingly
Hung o'er my path. So tempting to the sight
With boyish eagerness, uncheck'd and free,
I oft indulged in them ; until delight
Was sated with their sweets, and pall'd my appetite.

In earlier youth, tales wonderful and strange
Of distant lands, my admiration drew ;
Exciting in my breast, a wish to range
Through foreign climes, their wonders for to view ;
And here I met with scenes surprising new :—
The birds, the beasts, the motley race of men
From Afric's fated sons of sable hue,
To the wan-faced Brazilian, who over them
Use harsh tyrannic power, which pity must condemn.

From Afric's coast, slave-ships arrive oft there
With freight of human beings in their hold ;
I've seen them brought into the public square,
And there expos'd—men, women, young and old—
Naked and bare as brute beast—bought and sold :
In bands to bathe oft to the rivers verge,
I've seen them driven, a sad sight to behold,
For oft their unfeeling tyrants on would urge
The wretched toil-worn slave, with lacerating scourge !

Five weeks we lay in harbour—sent ashore
Our outward cargo, and took in a freight
Of sugars, bound for London.—Then, once more
For sea, all being clear, proceeded straight

From Pernambuco. Soon, at violent rate,
 Our brig was pitching in the adverse sea ;
 Nor was her progress o'er the billows great,
 Till far the Brazil coast upon our lee
 We left—then o'er the waves she bounded gallantly.

To all the hardships and the toils inur'd,
 Which 'tis the seaman's hapless lot to share,
 I now became ; for singly I endur'd
 All the privations a ship-boy must bear ;
 For, but myself, no other lad was there
 On board the brig, whose help I might enjoy ;
 And much I suffered of turmoil and care,
 For ceaseless duties did my time employ :
 Was servant to all hands, besides being Cabin Boy.

SONG OF THE CABIN BOY.

'Twas, Bob, come here, and Bob go there,
 And Bob was wanted everywhere.
 Not much of ease did I enjoy,
 When first I sail'd as Cabin Boy.
 The knives and forks to clean, and scour
 The brass-work ; and the cabin floor,
 Down on my knees, to scrub and wash,
 With holy stone, sand, mop, and brush.
 The Captain calls—Bob, clean my shoes—
 This job I never could refuse.
 You, Boy, come here, sings out the Mate,
 Reluctantly on him I wait.
 Each dirty job, 'twas mine to do,
 In cabin and for forecastle too.
 But, worst of all, I could not brook
 To serve as menial to the cook ;
 Yet must submit to his control,
 To wash his dishes, fetch his coal.
 Each sailor I must strive to please :
 When Jack cries, Bob, bring me some grease—
 For it I go,—then Tom would call,
 Come here, boy, Bob, and pass the ball ;
 I want a marline spike, says Dick ;
 Quoth Jem, bring me a tar brush, quick,
 And heave ahead a little faster,
 Or else I'll show you which is master—
 Then bear a hand, hitch up your breeches,
 And none of your palavering speeches.

Thus, from the mast head to the hold,
 By one and all am I controll'd ;
 From taffrail to the jibboom end,
 I had on all hands to attend.
 Thus, ceaseless cares did me annoy,
 When first I sail'd as Cabin Boy !

Yet, there are scenes of pleasure on the wave,
 Though they're companionless—our brig may wend—
 Brief hours of cheerful mirth, oft seamen have,
 When for short space their cares and turmoils end :
 But their enjoyments ever much depend
 On their commander's will ; for here his power
 And influence doth over all extend,
 According to his mood, for he may show
 Smiles when he's well-pleas'd, and frowns when cross'd and sour.

And board our Brig, each Saturday night at sea,
 The sailors were allow'd enough of grog
 To make them merry ; then, in social glee
 And pleasant mirth, the time pass'd from the dog-
 Watch until midnight, was marked on the log :
 Nor did their vigils on that night seem long,
 For cheerfully the oft-fill'd glass they jog,
 Toasting their wives and sweethearts on this song,
 In a full choral strain, the joyous tars prolong

SATURDAY NIGHT AT SEA !

LET us fill ! let us fill ! the flowing glass,
 And push the grog around !
 And drink, and let the bumper pass,
 For now we're homeward bound !
 For we're nearing home, and o'er ocean's foam
 The breeze is freshening free,
 And our hopes are bright as our hearts are light,
 On Saturday night at sea !

Let lovers true their sweathearts toast !
 The married men their wives !
 Those friends we love and value most,
 The comfort of our lives !
 For all that's near, and all that's dear,
 And all we wish to see,
 We bring to mind, though far behind,
 On Saturday night at sea !

While thoughts of home each bosom glads,
 Of each friend, each wife and lass,
 We'll pledge them, one and all, my lads,
 In a full and flowing glass !
 Then here's to the lass that I love best,
 To the lass that best loves me !
 May her heart still stand affection's test,
 While I'm far away at sea !

And here's to our Brig ! from danger free,
 May she long long sail the main,
 With so smart a crew, and as blythe as we,
 To prolong this cheerful strain ;
 And soon with our sweethearts, wives, and friends,
 And all that we love, once more,
 In our native home, we hope to spend
 Our Saturday night on shore !

Our voyage was short and prosperous—homeward bound,
 O'er ocean wending—fast we're drawing nigh
 To Albion's isle ! and soon the joyful sound
 Of land ahoy ! was heard—a thrilling cry
 In which all hands, with glad response reply.
 For 'twas our native land, which cheer'd our sight,
 And every heart with hope was bounding high,
 And fond anticipating each delight,
 Of friendship, home, and love, in which they soon unite.

Arriv'd within our port, and safely moor'd
 Once more in London Docks. The crew are paid,
 And all discharg'd. Besides myself on board
 Remains the Captain and the Mate, who stay'd
 Until the homeward freight was all unlade.
 The sailors now rejoin their friends on shore ;
 But some by vicious headstrong passions led,
 Soon waste and spend their ample hard won store,
 Then ship to sea, half-cloth'd, to toil and slave for more.

A trite saying 'tis—which not the truth surpasses—
 That sailors are a reckless set—for they
 Their money earn like horses, and as asses
 Will squander foolishly their hard won pay ;
 For while a "shot in locker is, they sway
 Upon all top ropes"—so the sailors phrase is,
 For Jack on shore becomes an easy prey
 To land sharks, which hang in his wake, and eases
 Of his superfluous pelf, and his good nature praises.

'Tis strange, those hardy men should be so silly ;
 One instance of which I will here relate :—
 When to Jamaica, in the *Waterlily*,
 Six years ago, I sail'd as Second-mate,
 I lent some money—though in sum not great—
 In the West Indies, to some of the crew ;
 When we were paid in London, they did wait
 Upon me, and return'd what was my due—
 Save one, and he slipp'd off, accompanied by a Jew.

To pay his debts, perchance, he was not willing,
 Or it may be the crimp did him enthrall ;
 But as I thus my five and twenty shillings
 Did not design to lose, that night did call
 At his lodgings ; but in a drunken brawl,
 In Ratcliff Highway, by some thievish whore,
 He had that afternoon, been stripp'd of all
 His six months' pay—his jacket too was tore
 From his back—and he now lay dead drunk on the floor.

I ne'er receiv'd my money ; for next day,
 His landlord did for him a ship provide—
 Receiv'd his month's advance, in part to pay
 His lodgings, while in port he did reside ;
 With scanty clothing sail'd ; forc'd to abide
 The pelting rain and cold keen blast : but he,
 Soon after this, at Demerara died !
 This case is not a lonely one ; for we
 Oft meet with men, who thus are sent scarce clad to sea.

So far, Dear Brother, hath my muse essay'd,
 In the Spenserian stanzas hard, to frame
 An ocean tale ; wherein truth is pourtray'd ;
 Though it may no poetic merits claim,
 Nor the rude sailor bard a poet's fame ;
 For no effusions of a gifted power,
 Or a studious leisure, smiled upon the same :
 But on the nightly deep, in many an hour
 Of lonely watchfulness, then would remembrance pour

Her thronging fancies of youth's joyous prime,
 And scenes remember'd of my earlier days ;
 And then my muse, adorn'd in rustic rhyme,
 The meeds of memory, 'neath the stellar rays ;
 And chiefly 'neath the moon's inspiring blaze,
 In milder skies of many a foreign clime,
 My simple muse inwove the ocean lays ;

Which, though they boast no strains refin'd sublime,
Yet oft upon the deep they cheer'd my lonely time.

This voyage hath been protracted, tedious, long :
Near sixteen months, a weary time, I ween,
Since last we sail'd from England ; and among
Far foreign lands, and people strange have been ;
Have sail'd o'er many a sea, 'midst many a scene,
On Afric's coast, and dread Fernando's Isle :
The wonders of each tropic clime have seen—
Have visited Ascension's rocky pile,
And roam'd where Indian climes in endless summers smile !

'Tis near six months, since last we left Moulmein,
And all that time been toss'd about at sea.
Now, fast towards our native land again,
Urg'd speedily on by fresh'ning gales, and free
Each heart is bounding high. We hope to see,
In a few days, far in the distance swell,
Fair Albion's isle ; and soon I hope to be
Once more to friends restor'd—at home to dwell
For a brief space :—till then, Dear Brother, fare thee well !

ODE.

Composed for Sunday, 18th December, 1842, being my Twenty-eighth Birth-day.

AGAIN hath earth, revolving, roll'd its orbit round the heaven ;
And to remembrance of the past, another year hath given
Of my probation, here on earth, my time's allotted stay ;
For this fair Sabbath morn brings round another natal day.
Now, twenty-eight years have I trod the stage of care and strife,
Experiencing each change of scene which chequers human life.
And fourteen years of life's best prime I've roam'd an alien from
The enjoyments of social bliss—from friendship, love, and home—
A houseless wanderer o'er the world—an exile on the main,—
Encount'ring each vicissitude, which marks life's fitful reign.
Through sickly climes, where fell disease and death sped in the air,
Unscath'd I've roam'd, and on the deep of danger had my share.
Thrice shipwreck'd have I been ; and oft, midst ocean's wild alarms,
In danger's hour, I've been upheld by the Almighty arm !
Yes ! 'tis thy providential care, O God ! which keeps me still,
Midst threatening danger, toils, and deaths, from each surrounding
ill !

Almighty God ! Creator great ! who being did bequeath,
And to this mortal frame did'st first impart the living breath !

Thy gracious power supports me still ! In thee, I live and move !
 Thy mercies I have largely shar'd, and Thy long-suffering love !
 By Thee, in health and strength preserv'd ! from Thee, all blessings
 flow !

And to Thy loving kindness, Lord ! I every comfort owe !
 Then whilst my life Thou still dost spare, my years pleas'd to
 prolong,

O ! may thy grace preserve me still, from doing aught that's
 wrong !

Thy Spirit guide and keep my soul from vice and folly free,
 To walk in virtue's ways, and climb the road that leads to Thee !
 And as my years roll onwards fast, adown time's troubled stream,
 O ! may religion round me cast its radiating beam !
 Be faith in Christ, my beacon light ; and o'er life's stormy sea,
 Bring me at last to anchor safe in blest eternity !

VERSES ON A * * * *

December 30th.

I DEEM not this a thing of nought,
 Though it seems of no worth,
 For 'tis with fond remembrance fraught,
 And calls bright fancies forth ;
 For pleasures past it doth recal,
 And scenes of happier days ;
 Of love, which did my heart enthrall,
 And once my hopes did raise.

A talismanic virtue lies
 In it of potent power,
 Which conjures up fond memories
 Of many a blissful hour
 I've pass'd with one, whose love once held
 Possession of my heart,
 Until by duty calls compell'd,
 Afar from her to part.

Yet, still methinks I see her now,
 As beautiful, as when
 From her I parted last, to go
 A wanderer o'er the main.
 But on that morn, her radiant brow
 Wore not a trace of care ;
 Her features fair no sign did show,
 That parting grief was there !

'Twas then, this little stick of wood
 Her ivory teeth compress'd ;
 But if in sad or playful mood
 No parting word express'd :
 Her ruby lips were closed on this,
 Perchance 'twas sorrow's sign—
 Those lips I once-did fondly kiss,
 And warmly press to mine !

Then when we parted, I did bring
 This bit of stick away ;
 For to it fond memorials cling,
 Through many an after day !
 Then, say not this is worthless then,
 A trifling thing of nought ;
 For it can bring in memory's train,
 Full many a pleasing thought !

And it may well deserve a song,
 Though 'tis most valueless ;
 The fond remembrances which throng
 Around it call for this.
 And I this stick will keep with me,
 Memento of past love ;
 Though far I sail, o'er many a sea,
 Through many a clime may rove !

REFLECTIONS ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY, 1843.

OUR moments fly apace—we heed them not ;
 Year follows year, adown the gulph of time ;
 And in their ceaseless flow is soon forgot
 The joy and griefs, the sufferings, wrongs, and crime,
 For which each year is noted ; still, the last
 Is ever with like prospects overcast,
 As that which mark'd its predecessor : still,
 Each rolling year brings on of good or ill,
 Of pain and pleasure, or of bliss or care,
 Of hopes and fears alternately their share.
 Thus, ever ebbing, rolls time's rapid tide,
 And down its stream life's air-blown bubbles glide ;
 And calm its waters seem, when in life's morn,
 Hope's dawning sun first gilds its tranquil waves ;
 And, dancing on its breast, is borne
 The bubble man ; while buoyantly he braves

Its gentler rippings, found new pleasures hurl
 Him heedless onwards, till some eddying whirl
 Draws him towards it, till in vortex thrust,
 Amid tumultuous waves, the thoughtless bubble burst ;
 Or if, perchance, by mid-way current bore,
 Free from the whirlpools of the dangerous shore,
 He, mid the boisterous billows, safe may roll
 Down manhood's years to age's freezing pole ;—
 There, found'ring soon, or hidden rock will wreck
 All human hopes, and life's frail bubble break !

As ocean's storm-lash'd waves, in boundless might,
 Successive roll ; so, in their eager flight,
 Year rolls on year—but, whither do they flow ?
 Into oblivion's nothingness,—Ah, no !!

CANTO IX.

OCEAN-FARER'S PILGRIMAGE.

*Composed on board the Barque LORD GODERICH, of London,
 of which I had command, during a voyage from London to
 Wallace, N.S.: begun June, 1843, while crossing the Atlantic
 for Nova Scotia.*

ONCE more upon the ocean ; midst the rave
 Of wide Atlantic's wild upsurging wave,
 Where northern winds sweep o'er the rolling main ;
 My onward course, from Britain's shore again
 I outward steer, for Nova Scotia bound.
 Once more upon the sea, where first I found
 The soothing solace of the muse's power,—
 Upon the sea, where first, in lonely hour,
 Fair poesy did my pensive soul inspire
 With love of rhyme :—first taught to sweep my lyre—
 My rough rude ocean harp—in warblings wild,
 Such as besem'd the bard—an ocean child.
 Once more, while winds and waves in choral strain,
 Howl their discordant music o'er the main,
 My rough spun rhymes I will again essay,
 And rouse my muse, to frame a random lay !

Now, near five moons have wax'd and wan'd, since last,
 Then homeward bound, I o'er these billows pass'd ;
 My heart was glad, expecting soon to come
 To friends belov'd, to my paternal home :

But, 'twas not so to be ; for there was one,
 Whom long my soul had cherish'd ; whom alone,
 Of woman kind, I most sincerely lov'd :
 'Twas then I found that she had faithful prov'd
 To me, in my long absence. Then, to her
 I gave my hand—her's was my heart before ;
 For long did love my affections all confer
 Upon that maid ; and she return'd that love,
 Though long I deem'd she did indifferent prove
 Unto my suit : yet now, those fears are o'er,
 For she is mine.—Yes ! Martha, dearest wife !
 Mine, mine art thou ! to love to cheer through life !
 To cherish still, midst sorrows, joys, or strife,
 Where'er I roam, though distant far from thee,
 My love is ever thine ; my thoughts shall be
 For ever fix'd on thee, on thee alone !
 I choose thee from the world ; and there is none,
 Whate'er their charms may be, shall bear a part,
 Or share with thee, the affections of my heart.
 Years may roll on, and sad reverses, bring
 Changes of fortune, circumstance, or state ;
 Yet still, dear wife, my heart to thee shall cling
 For ever faithful ! Time shall ne'er abate
 My pledg'd affection ! life shall fade away ;
 But not in life, my love for thee shall know decay !

How strangely chequer'd is time's varying scene !
 Vicissitudes attend man's brief career ;
 Yet oft some gleams of sunshine will be seen,
 When life's dark sky, most cheerless may appear.
 Strange is my fate, on life's eventful sea,
 Breasting its wayward billows ; I've been bore
 Sometimes on fortune's breeze, till on my lee
 I near approach'd her fair and prosperous shore ;
 Then disappointments, adverse gales again
 Would hurl me out, to drive at random on the main !

Four changing years are past, since I the post
 Of Chief-mate held, where now I hold command
 On board this Barque ;—four changing years they've been,
 For I have much of anxious trouble seen,
 And much of care, and some of joy in them.
 So if I can't appraise, I wont condemn,
 My fate through life, for oft I find some friends—
 Though few, and far between—who aid me still ;
 And if a greatful heart can make amends
 For benefits receiv'd, I have the will ;

Perchance may have the power yet to repay
 Their unsought favours at some future day !

Once more far out at sea, to wile away
 My tedious loneliness, I will essay
 To woo the favours of the heavenly maid ;
 And if fair poesy will my musings aid,
 I'll try once more, untutor'd as I am,
 A sailor's voyagings o'er the world to frame.

Come ! come ! my sea-born muse again,
 All rude, unpolished as thou art !
 With rough-spun rhyme, and random strain,
 Assist me now to frame a part,
 Of that in which my thoughts engage—
 The Ocean-Farer's pilgrimage !

Soon sped youth's joyous era past,
 And yet I scarce could deem it fast,
 So tardy seem'd the years to slip,
 Which would end my apprenticeship ;
 The time which would enfranchise me—
 From bonds and from indenture free—
 Grant me the power to roam at will,
 A chartered denizen o'er the sea—
 A sailor privileged. Yet, still
 Each seaman must a bondsman be ;
 While with few steps he can surround
 For months his narrow prison walls.
 For no escape at sea is found,
 To shun subordination's thralls :
 But when arrived with ship in port,
 He for short time himself may call
 A freeman, till he doth resort
 On board some other vessel ; where
 The daily routine and the fare,
 The strict discipline is the same,
 He cannot alter or reframe.
 But with my tale I'll onwards speed,
 Else I may tire the reader's patience.
 Yet who will deign this rhyme to read,
 Unless 'tis friends or near relations.
 For sure no merit in it lies,
 To fix a stranger's close attention :
 Then few lines more will now suffice
 My sundry voyagings to mention,
 While in the *Commerce* I remained.

And now my first two years were sped
 Upon the sea.—I had attained
 A little knowledge of the lead,
 To reef and steer;—but these are not
 The only duties that we've got
 On board of ship—they're multifarious :
 And as in various ships they're various,
 Experience is but gained in time.
 So with the nautical profession—
 A frequent change of scene and clime,
 And duties without much remission,
 May constitute a man a sailor.
 Not such fresh-water ones as they,
 Who're made by any Jew or tailor,
 Or crimp in Ratcliff Highway ;
 Who fit them out—their notes will cash,
 And that they're safe on board he seeth :
 And there they prove the veriest trash,
 That e'er a Mate was bothered with.
 I speak from self-experience, for
 I've had much trouble with such crews ;
 And for the most part, I abhor
 All would-be sailors shipp'd by Jews.
 Not such as these, the men with whom
 I spent at sea my boyhood's prime ;
 But seamen true—for most, or some,
 Had sail'd through ev'ry sea and clime :
 Rough, smart, and bold enduring hearts,
 Fit to compete with gale or storm ;—
 On each exigency, their parts
 Of active duty to perform !
 Rear'd 'mongst such men, then think not I
 Was backward their steps to pursue ;
 In feats of danger with them vie !
 And dare (a boy) what they could do !
 Nay, deem not this a braggart's boast,
 For emulation fired my youth ;
 Ambition spurr'd me to each post
 Of dreaded danger, toil, or ruth !
 Oft in the *Commerce* were we sent,
 From London to Brazilia's shore ;
 Five times to Pernambuco went ;
 Once to Bahia, St. Salvador :
 From thence, with sugar freighted full,
 We sail'd for Swinemunde, in Prussia.
 In ballast thence to Constradt Mole ;
 This the third time I'd been in Russia.

Twelve months before, while there we lay,
 The cholera morbus then was raging ;
 Numbers were daily swept away,
 By that dread pestilent contagion :
 That voyage, by threats, entreaties, force,
 The Captain made me act as cook ;
 Than that to me was nothing worse ;
 It was a berth I ill could brook ;
 But I was bound, and must obey,
 They knew I could perform that duty.
 Thus I cook'd for them, my own way ;
 'Twas sometimes clean and sometimes sooty !
 One day, with pots and pans on shore,
 Providing soup—our daily fare—
 Besides myself there was no more
 Of British cooks, but Russians there ;
 In that house on the west mole head,
 There was I cooking ; 'twas near noon,
 When down a Russian cook dropp'd dead !
 The cholera there begun ; right soon,
 In haste, my soup-pot, beef, and kettles,
 With dinner, but half done, I pack'd
 Into my lurkie ; and with mettle
 I row'd away ; nor scarcely slack'd
 My efforts, till aboard the brig
 I safe arrived, and then did look douse,
 As I the yellow flag did twig,
 Now flying o'er my former cook-house !
 * * * * *

Ships' crews were dying fast around us,
 In numbers so much to astound us.
 The pestilence with vigour stalk'd,
 Yet midst its hottest rage I walk'd,
 Unarm'd, unscath'd ; kept by that Power
 Whose Arm, in danger's deadliest hour,
 Hath still upheld me ! All our crew
 Return'd in health and safety too,
 Back to their native land—from thence
 Preserv'd by the kind Providence !
 * * * * *

There's an excuse for this digression,
 When I as cook my voyage recounted ;
 For 'tis to prove in my profession,
 I have each obstacle surmounted.
 Thus I can show my pedigree,
 How through each separate degree,
 I've cabin boy, cook, and sailor been ;
 Second-mate, and Mate by turns seen :

And have at last attain'd the post,
 For which my ambition panted most—
 That of command ;—this without aid
 Of friends or interest. On the ocean
 I have scramble'd to the highest grade,
 By steps of regular promotion !
 Then from my lot let none despair ;
 No boy that has a common share
 Of emulation or ambition,
 However low is his condition,
 His prospects are as bright as mine,
 When first I came a boy to sea ;
 For no bright hopes did o'er me shine—
 At least, no means appear'd to me,
 But with my fate through life to war,
 And still remain a common tar.
 But hard I struggl'd with my fate ;
 And still improv'd each hour of leisure
 In useful studies—for my state
 I was resolv'd to change—and pleasure
 I had in gaining useful knowledge,
 Not such as that they gain at college ;
 But I from nature's open book,
 My studies and my pleasures took :
 And while apprentice, every hour
 I could call mine, I did devour
 Of simple navigation's lore—
 Much from an old *Hamilton Moore*.
 Since then, the deepest and abstruse
 Lore I have studied, still self-taught ;
 And of astronomy, the use
 Of the most essential parts, I've caught.
 From this, let all a lesson learn,
 With diligence and application,
 They may, self-taught, some knowledge earn,
 To fit them for a higher station !
 * * * * *

But to my tale, lest some should tax
 Me with prolixness ; that must not be.
 So freighted soon, with hemp and flax,
 We sail'd from Constradt for Dundee ;
 Arriv'd, discharg'd, and ballast in,
 Again we started for Kincardine.
 With bounding hopes and hearts of glee,
 Our home, our friends we soon did see.
 My parents dear, with rapturous strain,
 Rejoic'd to see their son again ;

And friends belov'd with welcome meet,
 My home-returning join'd to greet.
 And for three months, 'twas mine to share
 Those pleasures which but seldom come,—
 Those social joys most free from care,
 Which circle round youths' happy home !
 'Twas eighteen months since I before
 Had visited my native shore ;
 Then but few days 'twas mine to spend,
 In company with each dear lov'd friend ;
 Though then two years I'd absent been,
 'Twas my first going off to sea,
 Ere I beheld each well-known scene,
 Endear'd to youthful memory !
 Then, bronzed beneath a tropic sun,
 I had so strangely alter'd grown,
 That, on arriving, scarce her son
 Was to my mother, at first sight, known !

• • • • • •
 And now I tasted all the sweets,
 Long absence can alone confer
 On hearts like mine, which long to meet
 With all that best-beloved are ;
 More dear were they, being sever'd from
 Them then for two long tedious years :
 For I enjoy'd my native home
 With bliss which youth and love endears !
 But three months briefly sped away ;
 Our Brig repair'd, we had once more
 To fit for sea, without delay,
 And leave again our native shore.
 Laden with coals, for London bound,
 Again I take farewell ! and leave,
 With sad regret, that spot of ground
 To which shall memory ever cleave !
 The grief which in my bosom swell'd,
 The feelings which give anguish birth,
 To part again with all I held
 The dearest, best-belov'd on earth !
 I cannot paint them if I would ;
 When felt they are best understood.
 My mother dear, my father kind,
 Those friends of earliest years ;
 Whose love from out my faithful mind,
 Nor time, nor change, nor distance wears !
 Though frequent parting long from all
 I love, has been my fate through life,

Yet, oh ! I loathe the parting call !
 It ever seems as 'twere a knife
 To cut the tenderest ties I form—
 To sever friendship's ardent breath—
 To quench affections fond and warm,—
 Oh ! 'tis the epitome of death !
 * * * * *

Winter was wending from the north,
 And spring begun to summon forth
 Her stormy legions from the east,
 And March came in with blustering haste !
 Again the *Commerce* fully laden,
 (Her name agreed well with her trading,)
 From London Docks unmoor'd ; to steer
 The course she wended many a year ;
 That southern course we held once more,
 For Pernambuco's sultry shore.
 Fast from the cold and stormy north,
 For warmer climes we sail'd,
 And were, by March the twenty-fourth,
 Where the trade winds prevail'd ;
 'Twas a day remembered well by me,
 In eighteen hundred thirty-three ;
 I hail'd it with much joy !
 For my four years' apprenticeship was done—
 My term was up—my indentures won,—
 I was no more a boy !
 And though a stripling, I could then
 Assume my post 'mongst abler men—
 'Mongst them could act my part ;
 Though then but three months turn'd eighteen,
 Yet I had well-accustom'd been,
 To all a seaman's art !
 And for the voyage I rank'd among
 The seaman of our crew ;
 Though not as most of them so strong,
 Yet could my duty do !
 * * * * *
 Meanwhile, by favouring trade winds bore,
 We fast are drawing nigh
 To Brazil's sultry, sun-parch'd shore ;
 And soon we can descry,
 To leeward, Pernambuco's port ;
 Our signals soon are known ;
 So often there did we resort,
 We were familiar grown.
 In harbour moor'd, securely fast,
 So we again begin

Our cargo to discharge in haste,
And take our sugars in.

* * * * *

Last time but one that we lay here,
The Mate and I fell out ;
We had a quarrel, that is clear,
But how it came about,
I scarcely now can recollect ;
But that boots not to know :
I paid not him that due respect,
Perchance, that I did owe.
But that he struck me for slight cause,
I do remember well ;
And as I ne'er could stomach blows,
We then to fighting fell !
I kept him for awhile at check,
And blow for buffet press'd,
Till I was levell'd on the deck,
By a hard hit on the chest.
Much was I injur'd ; for next day
To hospital was bore ;
Was bled and cupp'd, without delay,
My breast was blister'd sore :
There thirteen days I did remain—
In sick-ward forc'd to dwell—
Ere I was sent to ship again,
Recover'd, yet scarcely well ;
On board return'd, next day a job
The Mate gives me to do :
Come, bear a hand there, boy, Bob,
I've got some work for you
Aloft there, to the royal mast head,
Begin the masts to paint !
That's a hard task for me, I said,
I'm still so weak and faint ;
'Twas no use talking, I must go,
It must by me be done ;
And there all day, beneath the glow
Of the fierce vertic sun,
Expos'd to his full noonday beam,
I painted down each mast ;
So weak, so faint my limbs did seem,
I scarce could hold me fast.
But from that time was peace maintain'd,
No quarrels were between ;
While in the *Commerce* I remain'd,
Occurr'd no such like scene.

* * * * *

While we in Pernambuco lay,
 An accident occur'd ;
 Which I'll relate, in my own way,
 As I the story heard :—
 The brig *St. George*, of Liverpool,
 One Sunday morn unmoor'd,
 They shifted berth, haul'd higher up,
 And there the brig secured ;
 One of the crew, the Second-mate,
 Whose age was scarce a score,
 Met with a sad, a shocking fate :
 For when their work was o'er,
 To wash himself he overboard went,
 Around the ship to swim ;
 A sailor, with the same intent,
 Jump'd over after him :
 Scarce were they in, a scream was heard—
 A cry of sudden pain ;
 The sailor 'neath the bows appear'd,
 Fast clambering up the chain ;
 The Second-mate the chain held fast ;
 The sea was dy'd with blood !
 Soon, soon the boat ahead was pass'd,
 And from the sanguine flood
 They drew him ! but the vital tide
 Had ebb'd its lowest mark !
 For, from his loins, all his right side
 Was bit through by a Shark !
 He died a sad and sudden death !
 For scarcely had his shipmates got
 His mangled body in the boat,
 Before he'd sped his parting breath !
 In two days after, a Ground Shark
 Was in the harbour caught ;
 An ugly monster, huge and dark,
 Whose dreadful jaws were fraught
 With teeth terrific, triple-row'd ;
 But his a cruel fate ;
 For gathering sailors soon bestow'd
 On him their utmost hate !
 * * * * *
 Before this scene, 'twas joy to me
 To breast the billowy wave ;
 In many a clime and many a sea,
 My limbs I oft did lave ;
 And I have often since that time,
 Swam foaming billows o'er,

On Afric's coast, in India's clime,
 By Scotia's northern shore.
 Yet o'er me steals a slavish fear,
 An apprehensive dread,
 That some huge monster may draw near,
 From ocean's shiny bed !
 Each tiny fish, my fancy paints
 A Shark of monstrous size ;
 Thus cautious fears still throw restraints
 Where seeming pleasure lies !
 So now no more can I enjoy
 My sports amid the wave,
 With such delight as when a boy,
 Forth's billows I did brave.
 Thus knowledge brings not always peace,
 Though 'tis so much desired ;
 The pleasures it yields in the chase,
 Are lost when 'tis acquired !

* * * * *

Again our Brig is laden ; and once more
 We left behind far Pernambuco's land ;
 Nor have I since re-visited that shore—
 Nor have I since beheld Brazilia's strand ;
 Though twice five years of active life, since then,
 I've spent upon the ocean ; yet ne'er fate
 Did thither-ward my steps direct again,
 Though changing oft, scene, circumstance, and state !

* * * * *

At length we reach'd Augusta's wish'd for port,
 Where, when arriv'd, I deem'd myself a man ;
 For I was free, and could at will resort
 To other ships, if thus my pleasure ran.
 Nor long did I remain ; for I had serv'd
 Four years six months beneath the same control,
 Nor ever much from strictest duty swerv'd ;
 Then ill could brook, that such a narrow soul,
 As then my owner prov'd, should over me
 Hold further sway ; for I from her was free,
 My voyage was up, and my indentures won,
 My full time serv'd, my apprenticeship was done !
 And I had now become a franchised son,
 Of ocean privileged over every sea ;
 This was in July, eighteen thirty-three.

STANZAS.

*Written on Monday night, at Sea, homeward-bound from Wallace
to London.*

COME ! come ! ye western winds !
Waft, waft us o'er the main,
To all we left behind !
O ! hasten us again
To all endear'd in Britain's isle !
To love's embrace, to friendship's smile,
O ! speedily restore
Our longing hearts once more !

As home our course we steer,
O'er wide Atlantic's sea,
My musings homeward veer,
For ever fix'd on thee !
My Martha, dear ! my sweet young wife !
Belov'd companion of my life !
To thee my thoughts shall come,
Wheresoe'er I roam !

For I can ne'er forget
The ocean's roll between,
The hour when first we met,
And each endearing scene,
That still through life to me can prove
Remembrances of faithful love,
Though all around is drear !
The hour which made thee mine,

And every scene of bliss,
Which did around us shine,
In social happiness !
Connubial love, domestic peace !
O ! may these blessings never cease,
But endure, ever united
With affection fond requited !
Then blow each favouring gale,

Ye western breezes free ;
Extend the belying sail ;
And o'er the rolling sea,
Urge our laden vessel onwards ;
For our course we're steering homewards :
Come, then, come ! with impulse strong,
Waft my bark with speed along !

*Paraphrased and wrote down the following, from Acts iii, 1-11,
on Monday Night, nine o'clock, August 7th.*

Now Peter and John to the temple are gone ;
 'Tis the ninth hour, the season of prayer !
 When they to the gate came, Beautiful was its name,
 A lame man, a beggar, sat there ;
 Hard had been his doom, for from his mother's womb,
 A cripple he'd been ; and was brought
 Each day to this gate, where with patience he'd wait,
 And alms from each passer-by sought :
 And when they went to enter, this lame man did venture
 To beg, he had no conscience qualms ;
 For, as Peter and John their eyes fasten'd on
 Him, he thought they would give an alms ;
 But to him, Peter said—look on us and take heed,
 Gold or silver we have none to give,
 And for that do not crave ; but such as we have,
 From us thou shalt freely receive !
 Then, in Jesus Christ's name ! thou no longer art lame !
 Thy hand give to me—rise and walk !
 With that he arose, to the temple he goes,
 God's mercy his praise and his talk ;
 And, leaping with joy, he first did employ
 His new found strength praising his God !
 While the people who saw, fill'd with wonder and awe,
 At this miracle, spread it abroad !!

STANZAS ON THE OCEAN.

Begun Tuesday, August 8th.

THOU ocean ! boundless, vast, and deep,
 Marvellous and dread, however view'd ;
 If o'er thee angry tempests sweep,
 Rearing thy billowy form on high,
 Each wave upsurging to the sky,
 And struggling in thy might !
 Or if, when tempests are subdu'd,
 And hush'd upon thy bosom, sleep
 Thy waves in calmness ; while around
 Silence pervades the blue profound,
 Still wond'rous to the sight !

What hidden treasures dost thou keep,
 Or secret stores yet unreveal'd,

Within the dark and cavern'd steep,
 On which are earth's foundations plac'd,
 By the impervious gloom encas'd
 Of thy unfathom'd wave !
 From man's all-prying search conceal'd,
 The things mysterious, which creep
 Beneath the mountain's base, or lie
 Far far from scan of human eye,
 Low in each briny cave !

Though on the land man lords it o'er,
 And all earth's creatures own his sway,
 And bend to his control ; nay, more,
 Assisted by philosophy
 And science, he will fearless pry
 In nature's hidden things !
 Her elements he makes obey
 His will ; and by their help will soar
 Far 'bove the highest mountain's height,
 And far beyond the utmost flight
 Of eagle's daring wing !

Now, nought on earth can him restrain ;
 Inventive genius spurs him on !
 Soon, ocean ! shall thy power be vain,
 His course to check, his steps to bind :
 For faster than the stormy wind
 He'll speed in his career !
 Despite the raging of the main,
 From pole to pole, from clime to clime,
 Fast through the air his course he'll trace ;
 Annihilating time and space,
 And bringing distance near !

Yet, though fast onwards in his pride,
 He speeds his course o'er land in air,
 Skimming the surface of thy tide ;
 High o'er the stormy winds upborne,
 He laughs thy utmost rage to scorn ;
 Yet, can he never pry
 Into the secrets thou didst hide
 In thy unfathom'd caverns, where
 Light of the sun did ne'er illumine,
 Nor thing of earth e'er pierce the gloom
 Of thy immensity !

Roll on, old ocean ! there will come
 A time thy secrets to unfold,

A day that shall lay bare thy womb,
 And all the hidden things disclose,
 That from creation did repose
 Within thy deep abyss !
 A day to thee of dread and doom,
 When back thy billows shall be roll'd,
 Amalgamating with the air,
 Laying the earth's foundations bare,
 Thy channels waterless !

* * * * * *

That day creation owns its Lord,
 All nature with submission bend
 To His behest. The Almighty word
 Shall dry up ocean's deepest wave !
 Shall call the sleeping from the grave !
 The heavens together roll !
 Even earth shall ample room afford,
 Where may its countless myriads stand,
 To hear the Judge pronounce their fate,—
 The future irremediable state
 Of every living soul !

* * * * * *

Earth, ocean, air shall be refin'd—
 Pass'd through the purifying flame ;
 Till on this globe be left behind,
 No sign of sorrow, sin, or tears,
 Which have for thousand, thousand years,
 Sprung from the human race !
 Still shall this earth existence find,
 But chang'd in all, save form and name !
 A new-made Paradise appear,
 With holier habitants, its sphere,
 Revolving still in space !

SONG TO MY OLD SEA CHEST.

Composed Thursday night, August 10th.

My old sea chest ! my good old chest ! a servant tried and long !
 Well, well from me, dost thou deserve a sailor's rough-spun song.
 I've putty'd well each crack, received midst elemental jars ;
 And painted thee anew, to hide thy many rents and scars !

Though I've got a new chest now, yet will I not condemn
 My old fir chest ; for thou hast prov'd far worthier than them.
 Though but a dollar was thy price—ten years are past since then—
 Yet thou hast well repaid my cost ;—thy purchase was not vain !

We've ship-mates been for ten long years ; a hundred thousand
mile,

O'er ocean, we've together sail'd !—nay, reader ! do not smile !
'Tis no exaggerated boast ; for my old chest and me
Have sail'd through almost every clime, o'er almost every sea !

The Mediterranean, Afric's coast, and either Indian clime,
The Baltic and the northern seas we've travers'd many a time ;
In America, both north and south, have we together been,
Encountering alike each change of climate and of scene !

Twice shipwreck'd were we—the last time I yet remember well,
'Twas on a dark December's night, on Yarmouth sands befell ;
Our noble Barque to pieces went : in thee was stow'd my all ;
And 'twas at hazard great, I sav'd myself and thee from thrall !

And in the fore-castle o'er thee, full many an hour I've spent ;
My writing-desk and table thou : as o'er thy lid I bent,
Oft in the spirit stirring hour, when would my muse essay
To frame, in rough-spun rhymes at sea, the ocean-farer's lay !

And when the tedium to beguile of leisure hours at sea,
I've found some sailor's pleasure oft in rummaging of thee ;
The till, which held some small nick-nacks, the cloth nail'd to the
lid,
My manuscript and papers held, and as port-folio did !

There were the letters sent to me, not one of them abused,
Epistles of paternal love, which often I perused ;
And there the love-letters from one, whose name I'll not avow,
And there my mother's latest gift, to me far dearer now !

Since she whose hand hath often pack'd my chest, full and complete
With every thing my wants requir'd, with clothing warm and
neat,—

Since she, whose fond maternal love provided all these things,
Throws round thee remembrances to which my memory clings !

Now, eight long years are past since then,—my mother is no more !
Still, as I glance on thee, my chest ! I scan the by-past o'er.
I think how oft a mother's hand hath stow'd the dunnage there,
How oft these gifts have hallow'd been by a father's warmest
prayer !

My sisters too, with kindred love, have often plac'd in thee,
What comforts would their brother suit, when far away at sea !
And last, not least, my sweet young wife hath lent a helping hand
To cram thee well, my old sea chest ! before I left the land !

My old sea chest, I like thee well ! my mute companion still ;
Wherein through life my fate may lead, through fortune, good,
or ill :

Should we again e'er shipwreck'd be, or should our ship go down,
I think, before I'd part with thee, I'd sooner with thee drown !

But, 'tis not for what you could hold of wealth or wordly gear,
Makes me to thee, my old sea chest, this strong attachment bear !
But, 'tis because remembrances around thee ever cling,
Fond memories of the past,—for that to thee this song I sing !

SONG.

Composed August 12th.

O ! THINK not thou forgotten art !
Though I no more thy name
May mention now, yet in my heart
My feelings are the same !

A true respect, a warm esteem,
Was all for thee I bore ;
If these as love we once did deem,
Now are those visions o'er !


For I have made another mine,
On whom I did bestow
My hand, my heart, when at the shrine
I took the sacred vow !

Then if thy youthful love I gain'd,
My spirit sore is griev'd,
That I thy feelings should have pain'd,
Or thy fond hopes deceiv'd.

For how could I my hand impart,
Without I could my love ;
Or pledge to thee a faithful heart,
Which would inconstant prove !

'Tis better we are parted now ;
For if we had been wed,
My heart could not have felt the vow
My lips must then have said !

O ! then cease to remember me,
Nor say I faithless prove ;
For my warmest feelings are with thee,
All, all, excepting love !



CANTO X.

OCEAN-FARER'S PILGRIMAGE.

*Commenced Monday, August 14th, at sea, homeward-bound
from Wallace toward London.*

WHILE leisure hours upon the sea afford
 Me space and time, I will again record
 My devious voyagings o'er the sea.
 From August month, in eighteen thirty-three,
 Before the mast, I as sailor shipp'd,
 On board a little brig; she was yclep'd
 The * * * but I her name and Captain's will conceal;
 For courtesy forbids me to reveal
 The names of all whose deeds when I rehearse,
 Can find no just eulogium in my verse.
 With ballast in, and some few merchant goods
 Of little value, for St. Jago bound,
 In Cuba's isle: and be it understood,
 Our brig was small. On board I only found,
 Besides myself, three seamen, Master, Mate,
 A Cook, and boy to on the cabin wait.
 This all our complement, we did unlock,
 Down river sail'd, from the St. Katharine Dock.
 On Thursday night, brought up in Margate Roads;
 'Twas moderate at the time; but streak'd abroad,
 Throughout the heavens, were ample signs to form
 Conjectures true of a fast coming storm;
 The wind about due west: with single bower,
 And scope of chain, about the twilight hour,
 We came to anchor. Ere the break of day,
 The gale had freshen'd, we had veer'd away,
 Throughout the night, almost a scope of chain;
 But, as the sea got up, our brig did strain
 Her single cable; driving too, we dropp'd
 The best bower under foot, veer'd too, and stopp'd
 Her further drift:—that was a dreadful morn;
 Athwart the lurid sky, the clouds were borne
 On the wild tempest wing; the billowy main
 No more resembled a smooth, level plain,
 But wave roll'd over wave; while, deep between,
 Yawn'd the wide gulphs, as vallies may be seen
 By hills surrounded; yet more dread and deep,
 As the wild glens beneath the craggy steep
 Of rugged mountain, from whose sides the snow,
 Flying in flakes, o'erspreads the vales below;
 So, driving fast the angry surges from,
 As snow white sheet appear'd the feathery foam!

By ten, A.M., more furious, and more fast
 Upsurg'd the waves, drove on the howling blast ;
 Top-gallant yards and masts to deck we send ;
 Veer'd out both cables to the better end :
 While pitching heavily, the spray, like hail,
 Flew from jibboom end o'er taffrail.
 The yards were brac'd sharp up ; yet scarce each spar
 Withstood the assaults of elemental war !
 The rigging straining, and the masts were bending,
 As high she rear'd, or down each wave descending,
 Surg'd heavily ; then rolling gunwale in,
 The green seas soon across our decks did win
 Their watery way. Three miles we were, or more,
 Anchor'd N.W. from the North Foreland shore.
 Another brig, three cables' lengths, which lay
 From us, pitch'd masts and bowsprit both away.
 I saw her foremast falling alongside ;
 But, after that, she safely did outride
 The furious gale. The same day, on French coast,
 A convict ship—the *Amphitrite*—was lost ;
 Two hundred female convicts, and the crew
 In her were lost, excepting very few
 That reach'd, half-drown'd and mangl'd, the French land !
 Three ships were wreck'd upon the Goodwin Sand,
 And all hands perished ; 'twas a dreadful gale !
 From west it first begun, and did prevail
 More fierce and more furious, as the stormy sun
 Near'd his meridian height ; for then begun
 The winds to veer more northerly, and urge,
 With long, unbroken fetch, the billowy surge,
 Into our unsafe anchorage, which before
 Was slightly shelter'd by the adjacent shore ;
 But as the tempest from the stormy north
 Came sweeping on, with increas'd fury forth,
 Rearing the billows, which resistless roll'd :
 Not long in such a sea our chains could hold ;
 For, 'twas at four, P.M., one of them parted
 Close in the hawser ; she with the other started,
 And drove for a short space, till snap it went !
 Then, at the mercy of the element,
 To the dread fury of the waves consigned,
 And urg'd along by the tempestuous wind,
 Till fore main trysail, closely reef'd, we set ;
 And scarce fore topmast staysail up could get,
 Ere from the foreland we were driving fast
 Towards the Goodwin Sands, yet safely pass'd,

The Gull Stream Light-ship, close upon our lee ;
 Steer through the Downs, the wind being two points free :
 Abreast of Dover, we with pleasure view
 Those dangers far behind, then heave ship too.

* * * * *

Two days from this 'twas moderate and clear ;
 The gale abating, we for Portsmouth steer.
 Arrived at Spithead, soon received from shore,
 New chains and anchors, and bring up once more.
 Ashore the Captain went, to note protest,
 And took me with him ; so he thought it best
 To choose me out from others of the crew,
 Although this sort of work to me was new.
 His business done, he parted from me then,
 On Portsmouth beach, left me long to remain
 Waiting for him ; till, at the close of day,
 I sought him out, to learn why this delay ;
 I found him in a place unfit to name,
 A haunt of vice, low wretchedness, and shame !
 Dead drunk he lay, unconscious of his guilt :
 I said not much, although the more I felt,
 And tried to fetch him thence ; but he did swear
 And curse me ; I, disgusted, left him there,
 And came on board the brig, right glad to get
 Somewhat to eat, for I was sharply set.

* * * * *

The Captain came aboard, the following day,
 In down-cast mood and stupid, I dare say,
 From his debauch ; his silver and some gold
 Were stole from him, I was hereafter told !
 Not long on board, the mate and him fell out ;
 They had some words, I know not what about,
 Nor do I mean on that point to enlarge ;
 Suffice to say, the Mate got his discharge,
 And scarcely for the shore the brig he left,
 When by the Captain I was summon'd aft :
 Robert, says he, it is my wish to rate
 You as my officer, to act as mate !
 Sir, I replied, I'm yet but a young hand,
 And though as seaman I may understand
 My duty, yet the experience and the skill
 For Mate I have not, though I had the will !
 For navigation, leave that all to me,
 The Captain said, when we get out to sea ;
 The most essential parts you soon may gain,
 A thorough knowledge in it soon attain ;

Be careful of your post, my orders heed.
 Well, Sir, I'll do my best!—we then agreed.
 Thus in the forecastle not long I tarried;
 Aft to the cabin all my dunnage carried:
 Next day we weigh'd, all canvas set, once more
 Sail'd through the Needles, and down Channel bore!

* * * * *

Our outward voyage was pleasant, and swimmingly
 The work went on; and though a young hand, I
 Yet of Mate's duty had a sort of notion;
 Elated too at meeting thus promotion,
 I kept on friendly terms with the crew
 And Captain both; 'tis difficult oft to do;
 Alike to please both parties—is a task,
 If hard or not, of any Mate I ask,
 Who from the forecastle has been promoted
 Unto that berth, when not a sailor voted
 His eligible election,—I ask then,
 If he escap'd from censure of the men,
 If not an envious tongue 'gainst him did rail,
 Or scurrilous words or epithets assail
 His frequent ear, murmurs of discontent,
 Grumblings greet him whoso'er he went?
 If he can answer yes! that man I deem
 As worthy of all good men's true esteem!
 'Tis hard to please two sides whose interest jars—
 Cringe to the Captain, bully o'er the tars;—
 'Tis thus with many, never was with me;
 For as my thoughts my words are always free:
 For I detest a mean contemptuous spirit,
 Whate'er his rank, how great may be his merit,
 That would, with base servility, approach
 A human presence, would with fawning crouch
 At his superior's nod; while woe to them
 Who are beneath him, if he can but claim
 The slightest title office e'er supplies,
 To sway o'er them be sure he'll tyrannise,
 Using contemptuous, bullyrag, brow-beat
 All that's beneath him, worse than dogs he'll treat.

* * * * *

But I digress; let me again resume
 The subject of my theme; for I presume
 The Ocean-Farer's tale is far too long
 Already grown: so, whether right or wrong,
 What I am doing, down in black on white
 I'll quickly dash it, fast as pen can write.
 I said before we had a fine run out,
 Until October tenth, or thereabout.

'Twas Thursday noon, we made a rocky isle,
 Sombrero nam'd; the Trades blew strong meanwhile
 From E.N.E. The Captain shap'd his course;
 Told me what point to steer; for, bad or worse,
 Whate'er his orders were, 'twas mine to obey.
 Thus was our reckoning held. From day to day,
 I kept the log, took the meridian sun,
 And then work'd up the course and distance run.
 In this the Captain daily took a part,
 Then mark'd the ship's place down upon the chart:—
 He shap'd his course clear north of Anegada;
 The breezes, nearly east, were strong and steady;
 With starboard stunsails set, seven knots and more
 Progressing hourly, was our vessel bore.
 From eight, P.M., to midnight 'twas my watch;
 At twelve reliev'd, I turned in to snatch
 A few hours of repose; perchance did dream!
 And, it may be, did o'er my fancy gleam
 Sweet visions of my home! but, if or not,
 My dreams thus tended, they were soon forgot;
 For, 'midst my slumbers sound, I was awake
 By the concussion of a violent shock.
 Surge! surge! crash! crash! our Brig became a wreck!
 I sprung from bed, and hurried up on deck;
 There all were in confusion and dismay!
 Press'd down on her beam ends the vessel lay!
 On Anegada reef our Brig had struck.
 'Twas Friday morning, half-past one o'clock;
 The night was dark, or rather morn, I ween:
 Through the white breakers no land could be seen,
 But all around the fiery surges gleam!
 To windward some, but most to leeward seem.
 The sea soon drove us o'er the outer ridge,
 In eight feet water, jamm'd between a ledge
 Of rocks she lay, quite snug and easy too!
 And there, till morning dawn'd upon our view,
 We in suspense remained; meantime, we got
 Our clothes pack'd up, and ready for the boat.
 For our attempts would have been ill applied
 To get the Brig off, even if we tried;
 For rudder damaged, stern-post was rent,
 The false keel shiver'd, keel itself was bent,
 The stern was splinter'd, floor and timbers broke;
 What wood or iron could withstand the stroke!
 We sound the pump, the water's depth to tell,
 And find then more than two feet water in the well:
 Then, 'twas agreed to leave the vessel there!
 To get on shore was now our chiefest care.

When morning dawn'd, and daylight came more clear,
 The virgin isle around us did appear ;
 And Anegada's lone, o'er wooded isle,
 Was nearest to us, distant full three mile :
 But still, 'twas then unsafe to attempt to land,
 So wild the surf roll'd o'er the rocky strand.
 At eight o'clock some boats alongside came ;
 For, as the eagle spies afar its game,
 Or as the carrion soon scents out its prey,
 So saw these islanders, at break of day,
 Our fated brig upon their iron coast rent ;
 And off they come, with plundering intent,
 For no good purpose did their minds pervade,
 When in our troubles they withheld their aid ;
 But we the boats, without delay, got out ;
 In them our traps and all our dunnage put :
 Steer'd for the land, while the ground swell did urge
 Our boats with violence through the upheaving surge !
 We spied a sandy bay ; to it we went,
 Haul'd up our boats, and rigg'd a sort of tent.
 All that day and the next we there remain'd,
 But from the natives no assistance gain'd.
 We brought some victuals with us—that was all
 We had to live on—though our shares were small.
 On Sunday we launch'd boats, and steer'd away
 For the isle Tortola, which to southward lay,
 Full thirty miles. I, with four of the crew,
 In long boat sail'd ; the Captain, with him two,
 Went in a small sloop, he for hire had got ;
 With them astern row'd the jolly boat ;
 And they the harbour reach'd about midnight :
 But, as it grew more dark, we lost all sight
 Of them, and in the boat that night at sea
 Had to remain, under Tortola's lee ;
 But Monday morning we in safety reach'd,
 The harbour landed, and then both boats beach'd !
 * * * * *

There, for two weeks, in lodgings I remain'd,
 Being by the Captain on his side retain'd
 About the Brig's insurance ; for a flaw
 Was in his claim, in point of marine law :
 But that being settled, then no ship was there
 That I might join :—so it was now my care
 Elsewhere to find one ; on this purpose bent,
 Down to St. Thomas's in a boat I went.
 There for some days, I unemployed still,
 And idle was, though much against my will ;

No ships there being then in want of hands,
 Except two slavers bound for Guinea's strand :
 High were the wages offering by them
 For seamen ; but I heartily do condemn
 That traffic vile—would not accept their hire,
 Though of the shore I had began to tire.
 For why ; my means would now no longer let
 Me live in lodgings, without getting in debt.
 But at this time to me the Captain came
 Of an American brig, laying here ; her name—
 The *Edward*, of Alexandria ; she was bound
 For Curaçoa. Though I, ere this, had found
 Some of her crew had left her for bad treatment,
 Received from Captain Barret, yet no abatement
 That made in my design to ship : I agreed,
 For twelve dollars a month, as seaman to proceed
 With him. And when we sail'd for Curaçoa,
 Not long were out, ere I began to know
 What sort of life I might hope to live here—
 The vilest usage and the worst of cheer !
 And, when arriv'd at port, I felt inclin'd
 To leave the *Edward*, but I could not find
 Another ship, and therefore was compell'd
 To stay by her, although the crew were held
 In worse than Afric bondage : ne'er a smile
 Gleam'd o'er that Captain's face ; and constant toil,
 From morn to night—even Sundays not excepted—
 Was ours ! Our fare a slave would have rejected.
 Grumbling and discontented, morn and night,
 The Captain was ; nothing was done aright
 To please his mood, which sullen was and rough ;
 Ne'er could the sailors for him work enough.
 Thus was he, ever grumbling, finding fault,
 Till at length we got her load—our cargo salt—
 For Alexandria, in Virginia, bound.
 When once more out at sea, 'twas then we found
 The harshest usage we endur'd before
 Was light, compar'd to what we often bore.
 Our homeward passage, early in December,
 The dates and circumstances I remember,
 We were off Cape Hatteras ; a heavy gale,
 From the N.W., did a few days assail
 Our outward course. The weather cold and chill,
 Yet on deck were all hands kept at it still.
 From much exertion we had short respite—
 From four, A.M., until 'twas dark at night.
 Those that had four hours in, all day were kept
 On deck at work, and not much time we slept ;

At frivolous jobs, what sailors humbug call,
 Not deem'd essential, if not done at all.
 All hands had been kept up the previous night
 In shortening sail—that work was requisite.
 Though cold and strong the wind next morning blew,
 Yet breakfast o'er, all hands were turned too,—
 To graft the ring bolts some—some cover strops—
 Some scrape the stanchions—and some point the ropes ;—
 This was unnecessary work altogether—
 Such as should be reserv'd for finer weather ;
 For we were under double-reef'd topsails then,
 And chilling keen the seas now and again
 Were breaking o'er us. Having been kept up
 Near all last night, we hop'd to get a nap
 In forenoon watch, but no ! 'twas turn too !
 All hands on deck their different jobs pursue.
 The sailors grumbling at thus being us'd,
 Went to their work, while I alone refused
 To turn too that watch ! I thought it fit
 That such fatigue required some intermit.
 I told the Mate, that I should not submit
 To such harsh usage, or such unjust laws.
 The Captain came, to ascertain the cause
 Why I refused to work, dar'd to disobey
 His issued orders ; he would find a way,
 He said, to pull down my proud British spirit !
 And if I had some gall, he swore he'd stir it !
 And if I tried to remonstrate with him, but 'twas no use talking,
 For his coarse speech all my attempts were balking.
 He told the Mate to mark me in the log,
 For spurning his commands ; told him to jog
 Me with the meanest, dirtiest, extra work,
 And lord it o'er me like a very Turk.
 Then from that time, till we arriv'd in port,
 My life was miserable.—He did resort
 To the utmost limits that his power could go,
 On me his hate and rancour to bestow ;
 Because I was the only Briton there
 Among his crew ; and he would take fine care
 No British sailor should dictate to him,
 Gainsay his orders, whatsoe'er his whim !
 Thus, daily did he o'er me tyrannise,
 Cursing me oft, my soul, my limbs, and eyes !

* * * * *
 About a fortnight from this time had pass'd,
 When we the Chesapeake bay reach'd safe at last ;
 Up the Potomac river sail'd, and moor'd
 Ship safe in Alexandria ; when secur'd,

All hands went to their different homes; and I
 Ashore to lodgings went right willingly;
 Glad to be free of such tyrannic rule—
 Of life made miserable, with discomforts full!
 And shortly after this, when pay-day came,
 With others of the crew, I went to claim
 My hard won earnings;—Captain Barret stay'd
 Part of my wages from me; more, he said,
 If I would sue him for it, he'd indict
 Me for refusing orders! interdict
 From getting in the port, another ship,
 Of doing me all the harm lay in his power!
 We parted thus; yet, e'er from that hour,
 I can't forget that man, scarce can forgive
 Those deep-felt injuries I did oft receive!

* * * * *

Thus sped my nineteenth year! my natal day
 Pass'd while in lodgings I ashore did stay,
 The eighteenth of December; and this year
 Winter set in unusually severe
 For the Virginian clime. The wide Potomac
 Was frozen o'er, and the sledges were driving on it;
 While in the ice each ship was firmly set.
 Though much some tried, yet none away could get
 For a full month and more; while cheerless seem'd
 To me, and long the dreary hours I spent
 While winter'd here: them I more dreary deem'd,
 As with my fate then I was discontent,
 As no news from me my parents had
 Since I left London; if alive or dead
 I was, 'twas all alike to them unknown:
 Since I was wreck'd, they knew not where I'd gone.
 I long'd once more to steer my homeward course,
 For than suspense what to the mind is worse,
 While here a stranger in a strange land I,
 Friendless, unknown!—such was my destiny!
 Was forc'd to stop; for winter stern had cast
 His ice bands o'er the river strong and fast!

VERSES ON MY OLD SEA COAT.

Composed off Scilly Islands, Wednesday, August 23rd.

My Old Sea Coat! my pilot cloth coat! my coat for the watching
 time!
 Hast many a hardship undergone, since thou wast in thy prime!

But now thou art getting old, my coat! thy cloth is threadbare worn,
And the frequent clout hides many a hole where thou hast been
rent and torn!

For, on Afric's coast, in Indian clime, by America's ice-bound
shore,

All sorts of weather, in every mood, my old sea coat has bore!
From the pitiless blast, the pelting hail, the cold keen piercing
wind!

For many a dreary hour but thee I could no shelter find!

Of on the look-out in a stormy night, when mine was the watch-
ful place,

I've turn'd thy ample collar up, to skulk my weather-beat face;
But that velvet collar has changed its hue, the linings of silk are
tash'd,

And faded and wan is the colour of blue, where the briny sprays
have dash'd!

In the lonesome hours of the long night watch, with sleep over-
come, have I,

With the star light skies of a southern clime, my covering and
canopy,

Oft bundled thee up, my old sea coat, and pillow'd on thee my
head,

With the softest plank in the fir-bound deck for my mattress and
my bed!

But now thou art nearly wore out, my coat, no longer can keep
me dry!

Before I leave London, for sea again, I must a better one buy;
Yet for three years we've shipmates been, and we still shall sail
together;

And yet thou oft shalt wrap me warm in cold and stormy weather!

VERSES.

Composed on making the Lizard, Thursday Morning, August 24th.

ALL hail to thee! Britannia's isle!

I greet thy cliffs again!

Sweet as the morning sunbeam's smile,

Far o'er the tranquil main!

Though I, for twenty times and more,

Have hail'd thy sea-girt strand,

As home-bound from a foreign shore

I sought my native land!

Though oft times thus my longing eyes
 Have revell'd in the sight ;
 Yet every time emotions rise
 Of pleasurable delight !
 Still fair thy landscapes, Albion,
 And pleasant to the view,
 When gilded by the morning sun,
 Seen o'er the ocean blue !
 For Scotia is my father land,
 There lies my youthful home ;
 And there each sweet endearing band
 I've long been sever'd from !
 Yet, England, thou hast now become
 My chief abiding place ;
 In thee, my long adopted home,
 I shortly hope to trace.
 'Tis thus, with joy, I welcome thee,
 With feelings most sincere !
 Albion ! land of the brave and free !
 And all that I hold most dear !

CHARADE.

IN eleven letters, when combin'd,
 The Author's name transpos'd you'll find ;
 Though as a 7, 2, 4, 6, I may aim
 To be a 7, 8, 10, 11, I have no claim.
 Out of my 7, 2, 6, I have often drain'd
 The 3, 8, 4, 11, or 7, 2, 5, 6, 10, 11, it contain'd.
 A beast amphibious is the 2, 6, 9, 10, 11 ;
 A person useful is the 7, 2, 6, 9, 10, 11.
 I was a 7, 8, 9, in days gone by ;
 Now, if I'm 7, 8, 16, then you must try
 If you can rhyme a charade, 3, 4, 6, 9, 8, 1 ;
 Then he who dares you is 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 !

THOSE gifted bards, who woo the favour'd mine,
 O'er learning's musty page, may studious pore ;
 While genius deigns upon their works to shine,
 And science opes for them her ample store ;
 Let them from merit or from talent claim
 The meed deserving the applause of fame ;
 While fair renown the approving smile bestows,
 Unfading laurels wreath around their brows,

And her shrill trump proclaims, with echoings loud,
The names that's mouth'd by the admiring crowd.

* * * * *

No hope have I renown like this to attain ;
Nor name distinguish'd, from the crowd to gain,
Of studious science ; I no succour have,
Which may my memory from oblivion leave ;
No rays of genius on my verses shine—
No labour'd learning points the polish'd line
Of classic lore, or simple parts of speech
My humbler aiming ne'er aspir'd to reach.
Nor did I study prosody at schools :
But, all unskill'd in strait grammatic rules,
My untutor'd muse will her defence rehearse,
And urge each argument in ready verse.
Though 'twas my choice in boyhood to become
A son of ocean, still I cherish'd some
Thirst after knowledge, and delight I took
In deep perusal of fair nature's book.
'Twas nature's self, first taught me, did inspire
My ardent soul with pure poetic fire.
'Twas on the ocean poesy first found me,
Claim'd me as her's, and threw her mantle round me ;
In rude, wild, garb, deck'd me a child of song,
And fann'd the flame which had been silent long.
For six long years hath poesy to me been
A lover true, through many a changing scene ;
My joy and solace, as she claims the power
To sway my musings in each lonely hour.
In every mood of nature's varying form,
It matters not if either calm or storm !
If lightnings flash athwart the lurid skies,
Or cloudless stars reveal heaven's harmonies ;
If, urg'd by tempests, ocean rolls on high,
Or o'er calm waters zephyrs murmur by ;
'Neath Afric's suns, in India's torrid clime,
Or northern winters rob'd in frosts sublime !
Midst every change, the muse still loves to keep
With me sweet fellowship upon the deep !
This little book, fond fancy's compilation,
Was written chiefly for my recreation ;
And now 'tis full ; of paper I've no more
To write upon ; yet I, as heretofore,
Will woo the muse, her smiles and favours gain,
And chant, unheard, each free extempore strain :
While passing winds shall waft across the sea,
My ocean lays in rude wild minstrelsy !

EPILOGUE.

LET fortune's favour'd sons, with leisure fraught,
 O'er learning's ample page delight to pore,
 Educing oft from thence each copious draught
 Of knowledge and philosophic lore ;
 The aid of science such may strive to claim,
 Where conscious merit points the path of fame.
 Let polish'd bards, in sentiment refined,
 Breathe nobler strains of loftier minstrelsy,
 While education aids the fertile mind
 To deck its thoughts in purer poesy :
 Though to such aimings I can ne'er aspire,
 My humbler muse shall tune its sea-born lyre
 In rude, wild strains, beseeming far the meeter
 For an untutor'd sailor, as

R. PETER.

ERRATA.

- Page 2, Line 36, *for calmy read balmy.*
" 14, " 12, *for Pacific read Atlantic.*
" 29, " 30, *for sand read scud.*
" 41, " 7, *for charm read claim.*
" 45, in title of Impromptu Verses, *for Robert Augelley read Robert Angelley.*
" 45, in 2nd Line of Impromptu Verses, *for I lend read I've penn'd.*
" 46, Line 8, *for delayed read deluged.*
" 58, " 6, in Verses written off Cape of Good Hope, *for Afric's fair land*
read Afric's far land.
" 59, " 13, *for light read night.*
" 60, " 6, *for child read childe.*
" 60, " 14, *for gulware read gulnare.*
" 70, " 24, *for well-nurs'd pills read well-mixed pills.*
" 70, " 26, *for swing read shrug.*
" 77, " 8, *for they're read there.*
" 77, " 14, *for show read shower.*
" 101, " 38, *for hawser read hawse.*
" 112, " 6, *for of read to.*

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